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Gliding close along the inner shore, so as to be enfolded in the thin ribbon of shadow, he discerned the ghostly canoe and occupant!

THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, Ned Hazel, The Boy Trapper.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

Nephew of the Celebrated Old Grizzly Adams, the Bear-tamer of the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT SPY.

AY! while Mackintosh and Nick Whiffles, and the men, who were constantly glancing over their shoulders, were gazing at the mysterious canoe and its occupant, it had disappeared as a flash of sunlight is sometimes obscured by the passing shadow. The Scotchman rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"It is gone, sure enough!" he muttered, as he sat down, disappointed, chagrined and the least bit frightened; "what has become of it, Nick?"

"I ain't acquainted with the kind of animals called spirits," was the prompt reply. "I've tried chasing her afore, but what's the use?"

"I ain't prepared to believe in ghosts and such nonsense," was the stubborn reply. "For all that female has got out of the way, in a style which I don't exactly understand, I am satisfied that she is real flesh and blood, and like enough some outlandish contrivance of the very Indians we are going to visit."

The men had been quick to detect the faint gas, and were now pulling with a steady, slow stroke, as if they were weary with their exertion. Mackintosh permitted them to do this for some time longer in the hope of seeing the Phantom Princess again; but, satisfied that her disappearance was for that night at least, he gave the orders to stop for the night.

Once more the prows were turned in shore, and the crew landed. The prows of the boats were pulled up the bank, the blankets taken out, and two huge fires kindled. Around these stretched the score or so of men, their feet toward the fire, and their heads outward. In a few moments, the only ones who were awake were the two acting as sentinels, and whose duty it was to keep the camp-fires burning brightly.

As was his invariable custom, when the two were traveling together, Nick Whiffles and Ned Hazel were enfolded in the same blanket. With their bodies so close that the warmth was mutual and reciprocal, the two passed off into sweet and refreshing slumber.

It was a strange and powerful tie of love that united the grizzled old trapper, and the fair-haired, ruddy-checked boy, whose face and appearance proved him to be of no mean birth.

The unraveling of the mystery of the

Phantom Princess, demands at this point that another personage should receive more particular notice. That personage is one of the men who is now acting as sentinel over the sleeping trappers.

His name is Hugh Bandman, an Englishman by birth, who has been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company for something over ten years. He is pleasing in appearance, of rather a sad countenance, but there is none who stands higher for honesty, modest daring, and perfect trustworthiness in every respect. He was silent and rather uncommunicative, except now and then, but he was held in the highest respect by his associates. There was something connected with his earlier history, before he left England, known only to Mackintosh, which doubtless threw a shadow over his life, and had much to do with his burying himself from the civilized world in the wilds of British America.

He was in the boat containing the director of the brigade, and none rowed harder than he for the purpose of overtaking the Phantom Princess. It had been noticed by all those who were acquainted with him, that he always showed a peculiar zest in engaging in any enterprise or adventure that seemed to offer danger or curious experience.

To-night he was more moody than common. With his gun at his shoulder in the usual manner of a sentinel, he paced back and forth, looking down the river, as if in quest of the phantom that had caused him and his companions such wonderment an hour before.

After gathering enough wood to keep the camp-fires burning brightly for some time to come, he said to his companion:

"You can keep watch a half-hour or more while I am gone."

His friend nodded to signify his willingness, and he at once moved away from the camp and disappeared in the gloomy depths of the surrounding wood.

In a brief time Hugh Bandman was making his way along the shore of Elk river, moving with the stealth of a Blackfoot Indian upon the trail of a foe. So silently indeed did he advance that he might have passed within an arm's length of the listening red-skin, without his presence being discovered.

He did not pause until he reached a point about a quarter of a mile below the camp. Here the dense undergrowth came down to the very edge of the stream, and offered a

most secure hiding-place even at noonday. Secreting himself in this cover, he prepared to watch the surface of the river, flowing so calmly beneath the radiance of the moon.

"I wonder if I am to see her again," he muttered, as he seated himself. "I thought I caught a glimpse of the boat awhile ago." Looking to the right and left, his view was quite extended up and down the river, but his sight failed to reveal anything, and he drew a deep sigh of disappointment.

"I can't stay here long. I wouldn't have Mackintosh wake up and find me gone for all the world. He would be sure to suspect something."

Hark! his strained ear caught the sound of something like a faint ripple.

"That was a paddle, or an animal stepping into the water," he whispered, as he leaned forward and looked up and down the river.

Gliding close along the inner shore, so as to be enfolded in the thin ribbon of shadow, he discerned the ghostly canoe and occupant!

It was moving slowly, as though carried by the current alone, and, as he looked, he saw the same spirit-like figure of a female sitting in the stern, and a second form in the prow.

"There are two of them," he thought, as he gazed breathlessly at the sight; "we did not see them both before."

Still intently watching them, he saw that the figure in the forward part of the boat was much smaller and lighter than the other.

"Mother and daughter!" was the thought that instantly flashed into the mind of Bandman, as he fairly devoured them with his eyes.

A supernatural air was attaching to this curious scene hard to shake off; but the trapper was a practical man, and he would not believe that it was not material flesh and blood he saw before him.

"If they would only move or speak!" he murmured, seeking to shake off the oppressive sense that rested upon him.

They did not speak, but a movement was made. She who sat in the stern, dipped a paddle into the water, and the same soft, rippling sound came to the ear of the trapper again.

"She is a human being," he concluded, with a sigh of satisfaction. "What will she do if I hail her?"

He was on the point of calling to her more than once, but restrained himself, from a conviction that the canoe and its occupants would vanish from sight as suddenly as it did when under the scrutiny of Mackintosh and Nick Whiffles.

So he stood still, watching, listening and wondering. He was in hopes that the boat would shoot out from the shadow, where he could gain a better view of it, but it remained where it was, but floating downward, until Hugh saw that he must move with it, if he expected to keep it under surveillance any longer.

He stepped carefully back, out of view of the river, and stealthily made his way a rod or two further down-stream. In his haste, he was conscious of making a slight noise, but not enough, as he believed, to disturb any one.

But when he reached the stream, and looked expectantly out upon the water, the boat was gone!

Up, down, across, everywhere he looked, but it had indeed gone, and was to be seen nowhere.

"There is something supernatural in all this!" he exclaimed, as he turned about and made his way back to the camp-fire, returning, as he had promised, within a half-hour of the time of his departure.

But no word escaped the lips of Hugh Bandman of what he had seen that night.

CHAPTER V.

KNIVES AND SKINS.

NATURALLY, the trappers, upon awakening the next morning, very freely discussed their singular experience of the preceding night.

The majority agreed that it was some Indian contrivance, although of what character, and what its purport was, no one undertook to conjecture even.

Nick Whiffles was thoughtful and reserved. He seemed like another person, devoid of his eccentric humor and geniality of spirits. When he was appealed to, he refused to make any satisfactory answer, and appeared unwilling to hold any conversation regarding it.

Mackintosh was the only one who seemed unaffected by the occurrence. He laughed and chatted with all, and when one or two ventured to rally him upon his disappointment, he replied:

"The thing ain't ended yet; I am bound to get at the bottom of that mystery."

Again the two canoes put out in the river, and the long paddles of the trappers swept the boat forward with the same power and grace, but they still refrained from breaking out into their usual chorus and song.

They were now within the vicinity of the Blackfoot village, and were certain of coming upon Indians in a very short time.

Mackintosh and Nick Whiffles were conversing together about "business," when their canoe turned an abrupt bend in the stream, and they saw the town they were seeking within a stone's throw.

A clearing, of several acres extent, came down to the river, and on every other side were the dense "continuous woods" of Oregon. Very nearly in the center of the clearing, and a hundred yards back from the stream, stood about twenty lodges, made of bark and skins, and of a character that showed that they had been built with the purpose of withstanding the rigor of the winters in these latitudes.

The prow of the canoe had scarcely turned the bend, when such a Babel of shouts and halloos filled the air, that the trappers

stopped rowing, and Mackintosh looked to Nick Whiffles for advice.

The old hunter smiled.

"That's the way the critters say *how do you do*."

"What shall we do? Go ahead?"

"Wait a minute."

With which, he rose in the canoe, so as to make himself visible, and then swinging his coon-skin cap over his head, called out to them, in the Blackfoot tongue, that they were friends, who had come to barter with them.

Nick was recognized before he spoke, and an instant hush fell upon all, so that his words were easily understood; one of their number called back that they were ready to trade, and invited them to come ashore.

Nick explained what was said to Mackintosh, and added:

"Put me ashore, but don't any of you folks land. I know these chaps, and I'm afraid you'll get in trouble."

"But, suppose they offer you violence; do you suppose we are going to sit still and permit it?"

"I'll take care of myself. Ned, stay where you are; Calamity, come with me!"

As the prow of the canoe touched the land, Nick and his dog stepped ashore, the former turning around, and adding a word:

"Keep your men together; don't let one of them land."

Mackintosh nodded his head to signify that he understood, and the old trapper moved away in the direction of the village.

As may be supposed, his movements were watched with the most acute interest by his friends, who were not without painful misgivings, as they saw the Blackfoot men, women and children close around him, ere he had advanced half-way across the open clearing.

"How easy they could hew him to pieces, ere we could prevent it," thought Mackintosh, who was painfully excited.

But, Nick Whiffles was the picture of the coolness of self-possession. With his face cut across by his huge grin, he greeted the Indians, calling several by name, with a readiness which showed, indeed, that they were old acquaintances.

Calamity was not so well pleased. When he saw the red-skins swarm about his master, he growled and showed his teeth, and one half-grown warrior, paying no attention to him, suddenly felt his teeth nip his coppery calves. With a yell of pain, the savage made a jump up in air, as though he had suddenly stepped upon something hot, and drew his tomahawk upon the dog.

"Don't!" said Nick, laying his hand upon his arm; "the pup has already been skulped a half-dozen times, and I don't think you kin gain much there; besides, the man that runs ag'in the pup runs ag'in me."

There was a smile upon the face of the trapper as he uttered these words, but there was also a dangerous glitter of his sharp gray eye. Several were laughing at the discomfort of the young warrior, and he slunk away and mingled with the others.

About this time, a number of dogs became aware of the presence of another of their own species, and they came bristling upon the scene. There were a half-dozen of them, and they came growling around the stranger in a most threatening manner. Calamity treated them all with dignified indifference, and all took the hint except one mongrel cur that would not be put off. After several warnings, he finally flew, with open mouth, at him.

Ere his own mouth could close, the massive jaws of Calamity snapped shut, with the throat of the presumptuous canine between them. When Calamity loosened them, his victim dropped as lifeless as a stick to the ground.

Nick had managed to see all this, and he remarked, as he turned his head:

"Since Calamity has saluted that animal, I don't think, considerin' him as a dog, he's of much account. When you git through with 'em, Calamity, set 'em down soothin' like, just as a cat does her kitten."

The other curs did not seem particularly anxious to be "soothed" in this manner, and they took good care to give their ferocious visitor a wide berth.

Nick managed the negotiations with the skill of a Bismarck. He had learned from Mackintosh what he had to offer in the way of barter, and he was not long in finding out that the Blackfeet had a most valuable lot of beaver-skins, which they were saving up in anticipation of a visit from the agents of the North-west Fur Company, but which they were very ready to exchange with the party that would give them the best bargain.

They wanted knives, ammunition, blankets and ornaments, and these were just what the trappers had brought with them.

When informed of this, they scattered to bring forth their pelts. Piles of furs and skins were fetched from the different lodges, and then carried down to the river-bank, where they were thrown into a large heap, and the owners waited for the "barter" to open.

This was speedily done, Nick still acting as negotiator. Glittering knives and gaudy trinkets were handed over to him, and he passed them to the Blackfeet, receiving their furs in return.

The negotiations progressed very satisfactorily and with considerable expedition. The Blackfeet had been in this kind of business before, and they knew very well the price that the trappers would pay for their furs; so there was little haggling to check the bartering.

The two canoes were ranged alongside the bank, and the furs were passed to the men, who rapidly placed them in position.

At the end of a couple of hours the bargains were all completed. The entire pile of peltries was transferred to and distributed between the two canoes. Indian men, women and children were dancing with delight, and even the dogs seemed to share in the general exultation.

Occupied thus in frolicking over their new possessions, they did not think much of opening hostilities with the trappers. It would have been in keeping with the treacherous character of the Blackfeet to have attacked these men and robbed them of the goods which they had just sold. Had they been aware of success, this is just what they would have done.

But there was that in the appearance of these same Hudson Bay trappers which satisfied the red-skins that there might be a slight unpleasantness, and very possibly a disappointment, in undertaking such a thing.

Understanding what was passing through the minds of these dusky soundrels, the whites conducted themselves accordingly. Their rifles and side-arms were displayed, and possibly the men put on a fiercer expression than usual.

His work done, Nick Whiffles very quietly stepped into the boat, Calamity whisking after him. At the same instant the paddles dipped into the water, the canoes instantly made a gap between them and the shore, and then, rounding in the river, started upstream.

The Indians still danced with a "wild delight." Nick Whiffles stood in the boat, smiling and waving his hand, like a father uttering his blessing upon the heads of his frolicsome children.

The trappers rowed with their powerful stroke, and a few minutes later the Blackfoot village and its boisterous natives were shut from view.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEELING of relief came over the trappers, as they felt that they were out of sight of the dangerous Blackfeet, and that every minute was taking them further away.

As the distance increased, the low hum of a song began to be heard among them. It rapidly grew louder, until it swelled out into the same deep, musical melody that these men have so often awakened among the mountains of the North-west. There were voices rich in music among these trappers, and scarcely any thing more charming could be imagined than to stand on a mountain several miles distant, and hear the song borne to you on the still air.

Nick Whiffles had stated to Mackintosh that the Indians were expecting the appearance of the North-west crew, so there was reason to fear that they were somewhere in the neighborhood, and a collision was possible.

Indeed, it seemed more likely than not that the two parties would meet, as the other brigade would be certain to descend the Elk in visiting the Blackfeet.

Mackintosh and his men had several days' paddling to do before they could reach a point where they could leave the Elk and thus get off the route of their rivals, who, finding that they had been outwitted, would be very apt to make some dangerous manifestations.

The air was clear and bracing, and the two large canoes continued their swift course up the river with no interruption at all, until the usual time for halting, when the moon was directly overhead.

Nick Whiffles, having performed his engagement for Mackintosh, received a very liberal fee from him, and understood that he was at liberty to depart whenever he chose; but as they were carrying him toward the lonely spot in the wilderness where his cabin stood, he preferred to remain with them through the greater part of this day, at least.

When, at noon, the boats turned toward shore, they had put a good number of miles between them and the Blackfoot village, so that they gave no further thought regarding it.

As before, they were surrounded by dense

woods, and several of the men, upon landing, instantly plunged into the forest in quest of game. While the others were occupied in their various duties, Mackintosh requested Bandman to walk aside with him.

The two moved silently away among the trees, until they were beyond sight and hearing of their friends, when they seated themselves upon a mound of earth, and the Scotchman first spoke.

"Hugh," said he, in a low, confidential tone, "I have rather a curious proposition to make to you."

"I am ready to hear it," replied the trapper, in a serious voice.

"To come to the point, I have come to the conclusion to unravel the mystery regarding this Phantom Princess, as she is called, and I have fixed upon you as my agent."

"Why have you selected me?"

"For several reasons. One is that I know you better than I do any of the rest, and my knowledge of you is such as to give me the fullest faith in you. I can say that, during the long service you have given the company, there never has been the first complaint against you, and you have never yet been known to fail in any thing you undertook."

Bandman bowed his head to signify that he appreciated the compliment. Indeed, there was a certain dignity in the manner of the trapper, that would have impressed one in his favor.

"All this is preliminary," continued Mackintosh. "If I were asked to select a man from my party, who was free from superstition, there is only one about whom I could feel any certainty."

"I suppose you refer to me," said the trapper, with a smile.

"Of course; brave as Nick Whiffles undoubtedly is, it was easy to see last night that he was impressed by what he saw, and holds a superstitious feeling about the Phantom Princess. I am satisfied, in my own mind, that, curious as was the scene, the actor in it was as much flesh and blood as either you or I. What do you think?"

"I agree with you."

"I did not doubt it. Furthermore, I believe that the mystery of the Princess lies in the Blackfoot village that we visited to-day."

Bandman started so perceptibly that Mackintosh laughed.

"What is it, Hugh?"

"Rather strange," replied his friend, with the same wan smile, "but, somehow or other, it is the same conclusion that forced itself upon me, while we were trading with them to-day."

"Good reason for believing we are right; did you observe any thing that could give you a clue?"

"Nothing at all; I was on the look-out for it all the time, but could detect nothing."

"Have you any reason then for your belief?"

"Probably no more than you have; I am satisfied that this Nick Whiffles knows more about the matter than he is disposed to tell."

"Undoubtedly; but there is no use of questioning him; his lips are sealed and he would resent any interference."

"Well, I am ready to hear any proposal," said Bandman, after a moment's silence between them.

"My official position under the company prevents my engaging personally in any thing of this character, as you can readily see; but, there are several things that have awakened my suspicion since Nick Whiffles joined us, and I have the strongest desire to probe them to the bottom. You are the man I wish should undertake to clear up the doubt about this Phantom Princess. Will you do it?"

Bandman was silent a moment, and then looking down to the ground, he spoke as though communing with himself.

"I have a great desire to do so."

"Will you undertake it?"

"Yes."

"This settles the greatest difficulty," said Mackintosh, with something of his natural cheerfulness of manner, and then he added in the same thoughtful tones:

"If I were talking to another person, I should name some pecuniary inducement—but not to you. You have an abundance of wealth in London, and I know no money could tempt you to engage in any thing against your own desires."

"Of course," assented the trapper, with a sigh; "I have some curiosity regarding this person, and will undertake to identify her."

"It will be necessary for you to visit the Blackfoot village, and there will be no little personal danger in doing so."

"I know it," was the reply.

"To give a color of authority to your undertaking, I will make you the bearer of a message to the chief from me, asking him to catch and save all the peltries for us during the coming winter. Perhaps that will assist you through."

"It is a good suggestion," said Bandman, not a little pleased, "and with the exercise of a little tact upon my part, I think I can succeed. There is one promise, however, that I must exact of you, upon which depends my acceptance of this mission."

"It is given before you ask it."

"It is that, if I do not return to you, you will make no attempt to assist me. No matter what happens to me, you are not to interfere, but wait till I appear before you, and if I do not put in an appearance, you may know that that is the end of my history."

"I can not recall my promise," said Mackintosh, with a sadness of manner; "but it is given with a heavy heart."

Ever since the interview began, Hugh Bandman had been debating a question with himself. It was whether he should tell Mackintosh his own personal experience of the preceding night, when he had learned that the Phantom Princess had a companion with her.

More than once he was on the point of doing so, but his natural caution intervened, and when the interview was drawing to a close, he had decided to make no reference to it at all in his presence.

"You can leave us to-morrow, or to-night even, if you choose, without attracting notice, as the men are used to such things upon your part, and then all will be left to your discretion. You need no directions from me."

"I hardly know how I shall act," continued the trapper, in that same absent way, "but I will trust in Providence, as I have always done in the past, and I am quite hopeful of coming out right."

"So am I; I shall look anxiously for your return to Fort William."

"I would prefer that you would forget all

about me, and not expect me, until I appear before you."

"I would prefer to do that if it were possible, but such things are not so easily done."

The two men talked together a few minutes longer, and then, as there was nothing of importance to add, both rose to their feet and began walking back toward the camp.

While engaged in talking, both had heard several reports of guns, from which they concluded that the hunters who had gone out in search of game were meeting with good success.

But when they emerged from the wood, they saw at once that there was some unusual excitement in the camp. The men were gathered in a group around two of the hunters, who were talking in an excited manner.

"What is it?" asked Mackintosh, as he hurried forward.

"The North-west crew are coming down the river, and a half-dozen of them fired at us."

"How near are they?"

"They will be in sight in five minutes!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 46.)

A WITCH!—A real witch is the leading character in Mr. Aiken's new romance of THE WHITE WITCH, soon to appear in these columns—a romance of great brilliancy and power, lifting away the veil behind which lurks many a social plague-spot.

ORPHAN NELL.

THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES.

A ROMANCE OF CITY LIFE.

BY AGILE FENNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

"STRIKING A LEAD."

I LOOKED at the mayor in astonishment. Mechanically, I repeated his words.

"A secret to tell me?"

"Yes," he said; "keep quiet. Just ask some of the boys to carry the dead bodies of Bob and these other fellows into the shanty over there," pointing to the one that had served me as a breakfast.

I called Joe at once and gave him the orders, which he immediately attended to. Most all of our party were now busily engaged in trying to extinguish the fire, rolling out the barrels of whisky, and making sad havoc with the cigars.

The fire, however, burned briskly, and could not be subdued until the entire roof had been destroyed and a good part of the side walls.

Hardly had the party finished carrying the bodies into the shanty, when a messenger from Bill Simmons arrived. He stated that Bill and his men were anxious to attack, and begged me to allow them to go in and wipe out the "durned skunks."

"Better send Joe with all our force up there at once," said Doctor Smith. "Let them take one of these fellows that we captured here, and send him in to talk to them cut-throats in the upper saloon. I think when they hear that Bob's done for, they'll be glad to leave without any more trouble."

Lacted upon Doctor Smith's suggestion at once, by giving Joe the necessary instructions, and within ten minutes he and his men were on the march for the upper town. I suspected that the mayor had some object in wishing to get rid of Joe and the miners, but, what that object was, I couldn't guess.

"Now, come with me," said Smith, as Joe and the miners disappeared in the distance; and he led the way into the shanty where the dead bodies of the ruffians had been carried. I followed him, a little astonished, I must own.

As soon as I entered the shanty, Smith closed the door carefully behind me, and said: "I suppose you have never studied medicine?"

"I couldn't understand what the mayor was 'driving at'."

"No," I answered.

"Splendid study!" he said, with all the enthusiasm of the student. "I suppose you don't care particularly about looking at the dead?"

"I can't say that I do," I replied.

"It's a wonderful study, the greatest thing in this world is for man to study man."

"Well, now, I should prefer to study woman."

"I replied, thinking, by a joke, to change the subject."

"It's all the same, man or woman," he answered, ruthlessly passing on without regarding my pleasantry. "Do you ever think what a strange piece of mechanism a man is, or a woman either? What is this strange principle that we call life? We can destroy it, but we can not create it, except by the laws of nature. See this piece of earth."

He pointed to the foot of the body of "English Bob," thirty minutes ago it was living, breathing, acting—a king among the other creatures of the world; but, lo! a little bit of lead strikes it in the temple, and the life flies forever!"

I couldn't very well understand why the doctor should bring me into the shanty to indulge in these sage reflections, particularly as, from what I had seen of him, they didn't seem to be at all in his line; but I held my tongue and simply bowed assent to his words.

"Did you ever 'strike a lead'?" he asked, suddenly.

This was a change of subject with a vengeance. "Striking a lead," in miner parlance, is to discover a vein of ore. As I had but just arrived at the "diggins," and hadn't as yet indulged in any mining, I was obliged to answer in the negative.

"Would you like to strike a lead?" was Smith's next question.

"Of course I should!" replied I.

"That is natural. Now, you are not blind; you of course know, or think, that I had some object in telling you to have these bodies brought in here, and suggesting that the men be sent off to the upper town?"

"Well, yes," I answered. "I must own I thought you had some purpose in view."

"You were right. I am about to 'strike a lead,' and I'm willing to let you go partners with me."

"I am much obliged to you," I replied.

"Not at all," he answered. "I consider that you've done our town a great service, and of course what helps the town helps me, as I own about thirty lots here."

"Thirty? Why, that must be a fortune!"

I cried.

"No, 'tain't much of a fortune now, but I think in about five years or so, I can realize

something handsome from them, and then I'll go back East and settle down. But to my 'lead.'" And the doctor knelt down by the side of Bob's body and commenced unbuttoning his vest. Then he passed his hand inside his shirt, fumbled there a moment, drew out, and held up to my astonished gaze, a buck-skin money-belt, well stuffed with something. With a triumphant smile, he laid the belt down on the floor and proceeded to the body of the second ruffian.

The searching operation was repeated, and with a like success, and so on he went, opening up his "lead" until he had laid seven well-filled money-belts upon the floor.

"What do you think of that?" he asked, with a quiet smile.

"What do they contain?"

In reply, he took out his knife and cut a little slit in one end of one of the belts, and then held the belt up for my inspection. It was filled with gold-dust! I must acknowledge that the reason they happened to be shot, they were in the advance, leading the others on. I consider, too, that you have as much right as myself to this booty, for your wit put them in our power, although I discovered the 'lead.'"

"How much money do you suppose there is altogether?" I asked.

"Oh! between six and eight thousand dollars, I should judge. It will be at the least three thousand apiece; it ain't bad to take. You needn't have any scruples about taking your share; it is the product of all sorts of rascality, and certainly we have the best right of anybody to it."

It did not require much urging to induce me to accept the windfall that fortune had placed in my way. Every dollar was a step nearer to Nell, the girl of my heart; every dollar brought me nearer and nearer to my vengeance upon Livingstone. Little did he dream, in his stately mansion upon Fifth avenue, New York, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, that, in the Far West, where the golden grains are wrested from the stubborn rock, or washed from the wave-rippled sands, his mortal foe was toiling to pile up the golden elements of power, that he might once again measure strength with, and perhaps hurl him to the dust.

"I'll take what fortune sends me without question," I cried.

"That's the true way to look at it," the doctor replied. "Now, buckle three of these belts around you, and I will take the other four. It will be a heavy load, but I guess we can stand it. After we get up my office, we'll empty the bags, weigh the dust, and divide it equally."

We buckled the belts on, as the doctor had said. It was indeed a heavy load, but, I must say, we bore up under it like men. This operation finished, the doctor searched their pockets. Nothing of any particular value was found, except that in Bob's pocket was a roughly-drawn diagram, apparently representing the interior of his shanty, and in one corner of the plan was an X, made with a pencil.

"What do you think of that?" asked the doctor, handing it to me. I examined it carefully; in one corner of the plan was a figure 4, in another corner a figure 6.

"Does that suggest any thing to you?" I asked.

"Yes; any thing to you?" he replied, with a shrewd smile.

"It does indeed. I think that this spot marked with an X is where Bob has hidden something of value, and that the figures 4 and 6 mean four feet from one wall and six feet from the other."

"Yes, and the intersection of the four feet and the six feet line is the hiding-place."

"My idea exactly!" I said.

"Well, I must confess that when I found the money-belts contained gold-dust only, the thought occurred to me that he must have a hiding-place somewhere, because, of course, he must have had some gold in bars and bricks; and as he couldn't carry it with him, he must have hidden it somewhere."

"That is likely," I replied.

"Yes, I think so. Now, to-night we'll go quietly to the shanty over there, first providing ourselves with the necessary tools, and try to unearth Master Bob's treasure, and the worthy mayor chuckled and rubbed his hands with delight at the idea.

"Well, I suppose there's nothing more to be done here, and we may as well go and see how Simmons and the miners are getting along with their siege," I said.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but the siege has probably been turned into an attack long before now. I know our boys here pretty well, and it's hard work to hold them in when there's a fight in prospect."

So Doctor Smith and I left the shanty, bearing the precious gold-dust, buckled securely around our waists, and took the road to the center of the town. Just as we reached the square we met Joe, Simmons, and all the miners, returning in triumph.

"Hyer we air, chieft!" shouted Simmons; "we've cleaned the durned cusses out."

"Have they gone, and without a fight?"

"That's so! We frightened them out of their boots!" cried Joe, with a hoarse chuckle.

"How did you manage to do that?"

"You'd have died a-laughing; you see, the cusses were full of fight, an' I know'd I couldn't get 'em out of their cussed shanty without a heap of trouble; so I went to work to sarcumvent 'em. The boys gits the fore-pair of wheels off a wagon, an' mounts a piece of stove-pipe onto it, like a cannon—an' it did look natural. Then we goes an' draws it in range, an' makes a durned fuss 'bout it, loading an' fixing; then I sends a flag of truce into 'em, giving 'em ten minutes to git up an' dust; 'cos if they didn't, at the end of that air time, I'd blow 'em to blazes. Hal' ha! ha!"

Simmons roared at the idea. "It frightened 'em high to firs. Ye see, they've got an old field-piece over at Gopher City, an' I s'pose the cussed fools might have know'd that we hadn't had time, an' ef we had got it, it would be a durned sight more likely to hurt the fellers that fired it than any one else. Wal, them cusses were just like the old coon—they him down, an' jist now the hull crowd air making tall tracks fur timber."

A yell of laughter from the crowd told their

appreciation of the joke. Even a vigilance committee is not without its element of fun.

The mayor made a short speech, congratulating the vigilance committee upon the success that had attended their efforts, and as peace had been once more restored, and the black sheep had been driven from the "lively" town known as "Dead Man's Gulch," he suggested that the citizens disperse to their several homes. His suggestion was acted upon at once.

It was now near ten o'clock, and, as I hadn't had any breakfast, I began to feel hungry. The excitement under which we had all been laboring, caused us to think of any thing rather than of eating.

Joe, the mayor and myself all went in to breakfast together at Jones' Hotel. Breakfast being over, the mayor departed, making an appointment to meet me at eleven o'clock that evening, for the purpose of pursuing our search for the treasures of the dead ruffians. We had put off the division of the spoils until after our nocturnal expedition.

Joe and I retired to our room; there I showed him the money-belts; Joe's eyes grew as large as saucers at the sight.

"Jerusalem! you've made a big strike, ain't ye?" and Joe indulged in a low whistle of astonishment.

"Say, guess you'll be going back to York, 'fore long. Hal' Columbus! I guess you'll be on somebody's trail, pizen sure, soon!"

"It is very likely, Joe," I answered; and then I told him of the midnight expedition that Mayor Smith and I had planned.

"He's a team, he is!" ejaculated Joe, forcibly.

Then I talked over our return to the East, for I had determined to go back at once. Joe was as willing as I was, and started out immediately to see how much he could realize on his "claim." Fortune again favored us here. Joe's partners were flush with money, and gave him six thousand dollars for his share. Joe came back, wild with delight. I took my pencil and a sheet of paper, and sat down to calculate how we stood. Roughly figuring it up, I found that we were in possession of between ten and eleven thousand dollars—a small fortune. Enough, at any rate, to enable me to make head against Richard Livingstone. That was all I desired. True, too, I might strike another "lead" in my midnight expedition with Smith; but still, I did not count upon that, for I had money sufficient without it. If I could succeed in placing my hands upon a few thousand more, it would be welcome.

Evening came at last; and at eleven o'clock, punctual to the minute, came Doctor Smith.

"All ready?" he said.

"Yes," I answered.

It had been arranged that we should get a shovel and a pick from his office, which was on our way. These, together with a dark lantern, and a couple of small carpenter bags, for the "loot," which we were to capture, comprised our outfit.

No one was abroad as we passed through the town, and so, luckily, we entirely escaped notice. Arriving at the ruined shanty, we entered it. By means of the roughly-drawn diagram that we took from Bob's pocket, we easily discovered the exact spot. Turning the light of the lantern onto the place we guessed at, we found that a plank in the flooring was loose. This we forced up; the ground underneath showed marks of being freshly dug. There was no mistake—we had discovered the gambler's treasure.

We had, for the second time, struck a "lead."

The spade sunk easily into the soft ground. About a foot below the surface we unearthed a common wooden soap-box, but it needed our united strength to lift it to the surface. Once there, we forced the cover off, and the buried treasure of "English Bob" was revealed to our wondering eyes. The contents of the box consisted of gold and silver "bricks" and bars, bags of gold-dust, and a few diamonds—the whole estimated by the doctor, at a rough guess, to be worth sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars. Here was a fortune indeed!

Three trips did we make between Doctor Smith's office and the ruined shanty, before we conveyed all the treasure away.

As I panted under the heavy weight of the precious metal

I proceeded there at once. We found the gentleman at home. He was a little, short fat man, with hair and whiskers quite gray. He was much of a gentleman, and upon my informing him that I had some particular business, he invited us at once into his parlor, and requested us to be seated. I went at once to the object of my visit.

"Do you remember Mr. Robert Browning, formerly of Buffalo?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I remember him very well, although I was not very intimately acquainted with him," replied Mr. Watson. "I could see that he was both surprised and annoyed at my question."

"I bring a message from him, sir."

"Ah! indeed!" and the little fat grocer gave a short, dry cough. "I hope he hasn't got into any more trouble. He created a terrible scandal here in Buffalo. I suppose, as you know him, you also know of the circumstance?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but Mr. Browning will never cause any more trouble in this world; he is dead, sir."

"Dead! bless me!" and the little fat man started as though he had received an electric shock. "How did it happen?"

I briefly related the incidents of the death of the fugitive minister. Mr. Watson heard me with the greatest attention. When I had finished, he heaved a deep sigh.

"I do not think that Mr. Browning was what could really be called a bad man at heart," he said; "he was a weak man, though, and one easily led into temptation; but I know of a case, gentlemen, wherein he showed himself to be a man possessed of true Christian feelings."

"You refer to his actions in regard to a certain widow and child?" I said.

Again the little man started, and then he looked at me with unbounded astonishment.

"Is it possible," he cried, "that you know about Mrs. Percy and her child?" This was exactly what I wanted to know; I wanted to find out under what name Mrs. Salome Livingstone was known in Buffalo. I saw now that she had kept her maiden name.

"Oh, yes!" I said, in reply to his question, "my visit to you has reference to Mrs. Percy and her child, as well as to Mr. Browning. By the way, you were one of the witnesses to Mrs. Percy's marriage, were you not?"

"Yes; I was present at the ceremony," he replied.

"Do you remember the bridegroom?"

"Yes."

"Can you describe his personal appearance?"

"Quite as well as if I had only seen him yesterday. He was a fine young fellow, above the middle height, curly, yellow hair, and a peculiar dark-blue eye."

"A very good description of Anson Livingstone as he looked in 1843," I said, quietly.

"Hullo! Do you know his name?" cried Mr. Watson, in another fit of astonishment.

"Oh, yes! why should any one conceal it?"

"Well, that's exactly what I don't know, only Mrs. Livingstone came to me about a year or so after she was married, and begged me never to reveal to any one the fact that I was a witness to her marriage, or the name of her husband. I pitied her, for she seemed in such deep grief, and of course I said I would never mention it. I suspected that her husband had committed some rash act—deserted her or something of that sort, and she didn't want it known."

"So far all was well. Browning had spoken the truth. Here was a living witness to prove the legality of the marriage of Salome Percy to Anson Livingstone."

In a few words as possible, then, I explained to Mr. Watson the secret of the mystery that hung over the marriage of Salome Percy. I told him how her husband, Livingstone, had married a second time, and only a year after his first marriage. How his first wife, Salome, had kept her secret, for love of the villain husband, and had basely deserted her for another; how the child of Salome Percy—or to give her the name justly due her, the name of her husband, Livingstone—was in reality the true heir to the estate of her father—the estate now held and enjoyed by the children of the second wife; that my mission was, through the courts of justice, to give to the orphan child, Salome, the property justly hers, and that I needed his aid—first, to give me a clue to find the heir, and next, to prove the mother's marriage. The grocer followed me in my story with rapt attention, and at its close, grasped me by the hand warmly.

"My dear sir, you shall have every assistance in my power!" he cried. "Salome was here in Buffalo, only a few weeks ago. She's a strange, independent sort of creature. She came on from New York, quite suddenly, and went back as suddenly again. My wife says she's sure she's in love with some one in New York, for she used to go to the post-office here every day, as though she was expecting a letter from some one. I don't think she ever got a letter, though, for she always came home again looking very sorrowful."

"Have you her address in New York?" I asked, "for, of course, before I proceed to action, it will be better for me to see the young lady and consult with her on the subject."

"Yes, of course. As I said before she's a strange creature, for although she might have a good comfortable home, either here with me in Buffalo, or with the folks she is now stopping with—some distant relations of her mother's—she prefers to go and take a lodging-room all by herself, and supports herself with her needle."

"Yes; that is possibly the truth."

"By the way, you have some papers, Mr. Watson, have you not, that Mr. Browning left in your care?"

"Yes," he answered; "they are up-stairs in my desk."

"I shall probably be obliged to call upon you to produce them shortly, for one of the papers is the marriage-certificate of Mrs. Livingstone."

"I shouldn't be surprised," answered the grocer, "for Browning, when he gave them to me to take care of, hinted that in time they might be of great value."

"That time has come," I replied, "for I shall set out instantly for New York, to hunt up the heir, Salome, the child of Salome; and the moment she is found I shall bring suit against Mr. Richard Livingstone to compel him to give up the property."

"Excuse the question," said the worthy Mr. Watson, after a moment's pause, "but you seem to take a deep interest in this affair. Are you a relative of the Percys?"

"No, sir," I answered.

"Ah!" said Mr. Watson, a little bothered; "a friend of the family, I presume?"

"No, sir. I never even heard of them until my attention was called to this case."

"Oh! then may I ask why you take such an interest in it?"

"Certainly," I replied. "In the first place allow me to introduce myself. My name is Robert James; my business, detective officer; my residence, New York city."

The little grocer stared at me, open-mouthed. "Bless me!" he cried; "a detective officer! why, you don't look a bit like a detective officer; that is, I mean my idea of one. I thought they were always great, snapping fellows, with a general expression, which said 'fight' about them."

I laughed at the idea—a laugh in which Joe joined, for he being a fighting-man, enjoyed being taken for a non-combatant.

"Appearances are deceptive, sir," I said; "but, to return to the subject. About three months ago, I was employed by Richard Livingstone, in my capacity of detective officer, to learn certain facts about a child named Salome, and born at Little Falls, New York State, in 1844. While pursuing my search for the facts concerning this child, I discovered, much to my astonishment, that she was the daughter of Richard's father, Anson Livingstone, and, as she was his only child, of course was the heir to all his property. When Livingstone discovered that I knew these facts, and had, as he thought, certain proofs in my possession, in order to obtain those proofs, and stop my mouth, he committed a crime that will put his neck within the halter, the very instant I prove that crime against him. So you see, sir, that I have a very strong motive for pulling Richard Livingstone down, and I can only pull him down by giving the girl, Salome, her rights."

"I see," said Mr. Watson, who had listened to all I had said, with the utmost attention, "by giving the orphan child her rights, you at the same time revenge yourself upon this man, who has wronged you."

"Exactly!" I said.

"Squar!" said Joe, in an undertone. By the way; I have neglected to state that Joe, on arriving at Buffalo, had bought himself an entire suit of black, and as he familiarly termed it, a "plug" hat, and that now, dressed in his new rig, he looked quite "nobby."

"My dear sir," cried the fat grocer, warmly, "I wish you every success in your undertaking, and I must say I feel sure that you will succeed."

"I'm much obliged to you, sir, for your good wishes," I replied.

"Not good wishes alone!" cried he. "I'm not a very rich man, but I'm worth a little something, and if you need any money, sir, I should be pleased to lend you five hundred or a thousand dollars to push on Miss Salome's cause."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, astonished by his kind offer, "but I have money enough to carry out my plans, and I'll spend every dollar that I'm worth, but this girl, Salome, shall have her rights."

"That's so," cried Joe; "you're a brick, old top, you air; but we've got the rocks, and we kin put it through, we kin!"

The little fat grocer looked astonished at the queerness of Joe's speech, but I suppose he set it down as a little bit of eccentricity, appertaining to the detective force!

We took our leave of the worthy grocer, followed by his best wishes for our success. Then Joe and I returned at once to the hotel. The interview with Mr. Watson had taken up some time, and we found that dinner was ready when we returned.

Dinner over, I gave notice at the office that I expected a visitor, and should be in my room all the afternoon. And in my room all the afternoon I waited. Joe extended himself upon the sofa and read a little while, and then went to sleep, while I, uneasy as a caged tiger, paced up and down the floor. The hours passed slowly by, and yet she did not come. Every time that I heard a footstep near the door, I expected that it was a waiter with a message that a lady wished to see me. But, no message; no lady came. What could it mean? I thought this: Nell would probably go to the post-office between eleven and three, she would find my letter there and then would come instantly to see me. But, five o'clock had come and no Nellie!

Oh! how impatient I grew! At last, an idea struck me. I would go to the post-office and inquire if my letter had been called for. The thought was a good one. I woke Joe up at once, and told him if any one called, to tell them I would be back soon, and to detain him or her until I did come. Then I took my hat and set out for the post-office.

had nothing to detain me longer in Buffalo.

I got back the letter that I had written, telling Nell I was in Buffalo, got a sheet of paper and an envelope from the obliging clerk, and wrote another note to her, telling her that I would be in New York on Wednesday, and that I would be at the post-office there every day at precisely twelve o'clock, so that she could meet me. Then I sealed it up and put it in the mail.

I returned to the hotel, told Joe of the movements ahead, settled our bill, and took the 7:40 express for New York.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 41.)

A special point is made, by one of our leading contemporaries, that his writers are all American and his literature all "original." We do not deem it essential to make such a point, for we should know the readers of the

Saturday Journal

take all that as a matter of course. But, we will make this point, as something worthy of notice: Our writers are not only American but their stories also. No Lords, Ladies, Counts and Foreign flummery for us. No repeat of the works of English and French pens, by which to pad our paper with cheap matter, as we are aware of some of our contemporaries are in the habit of doing. We find in American Society, Life, Manners, People and Events ample scope for the best talent of living Home authors, as our readers can attest; and the astonishing success which has followed the successive issues of our paper attests, too, this pleasing fact—that the intelligent masses endorse the preference to what is American.

A Heart Wrecked.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

"GRACE, why do you trifle with the love of Major Hazleton? You have given him reason to believe that you love him, and yet refused him to-day."

The speaker, Judge Carleton, was an eminent lawyer of New York, and lived in an elegant home in one of the fashionable thoroughfares of the city.

Grace, his only child, was a bewitching beauty of twenty, and though in most respects a noble woman, was far too much given to coquetry, and in some cases would go too far, and trifle with the feelings of those who loved her.

Her father had just returned home from his office, and entering his daughter's room, had addressed her as above, and the petted belle tossed her pretty head, as she replied: "Papa, you do not understand such things—for how can you, not being a woman?—but I do not intend to allow Ned Hazleton to think I am too easily won."

"Ned Hazleton is too noble a man to sport with, Grace, and his having saved my life should give him a greater claim upon you, for my sake, do not trifle longer with this man," and turning, Judge Carleton left the room.

Though devotedly attached to his daughter, Judge Carleton could see and condemn her faults, and censured severely her conduct toward Major Ned Hazleton, an officer of the United States army. Two years before, while crossing the western plains, Judge Carleton and his small party had been attacked by a band of Indians, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Major Hazleton, with a squad of cavalry, all would have been massacred. Ever since he had felt a warm regard for the young officer, and upon his visit to New York, had presented him to his daughter, and noticed, with pleasure, and encouraged, the affection which they seemed to have for each other. Thus it was he felt hurt with Grace when Major Hazleton told him he had been refused by her.

A few evenings after the conversation with her father, Grace sat in the parlor window, looking out at the moon, gazing listlessly at the stars.

She had neither seen or heard from Ned Hazleton since the day she dismissed him, and her face was clouded, for she dearly loved him, and could not believe he would resign her after only one trial for her hand. A messenger ascended the steps, and recognizing him as one who had frequently brought her flowers and notes from the major, she flew to the door to meet him.

The messenger handed her a letter, and re-entering the parlor, she hastily tore it open, read a few words, and, with a cry, fell half-fainting upon a sofa. Her father, who was in the library, heard her cry, and ran into the room; and to his anxious inquiry as to the cause, Grace said nothing, but held out the letter. The judge seized it, and read as follows:

"STEAMER 'ANNA,' DEC., 1869.

"When you receive this letter, Grace, I shall have left New York for the purpose of joining the Cuban army, now struggling for freedom from Spanish rule. I have resigned my commission in the United States army, and go to drown bitter thoughts in action in Cuba. How dearly I have loved you, you well know, and from your kindness toward me, I was led to believe that my love met with full return; but, alas! it is not so. I flattered myself without just cause. Never having loved before, and being almost alone in the world, my whole heart and soul went forth to you, and it is hard to give you up. One of these days, if I am not killed in Cuba, we may meet again, but no word of reproach shall ever greet you from me. Believe me, through life I will ever pray for your happiness, and hope that sometimes you will think kindly of yours ever,

"NED HAZLETON."

Judge Carleton handed the letter to his daughter, and turned to the window without a word; for one glance at the pale, tearful face of Grace, proved how much she suffered.

Months passed, and at last word came from the patriot army in Cuba, and Grace, who had watched the papers daily for some news of the man whose love she had cast from her, read, with anguish at her heart, the short paragraph, "Major Hazleton was shot dead while gallantly leading a charge of cavalry."

The haughty head of Grace Carleton dropped forward upon her hands, and a low moan came from her white lips as she almost inaudibly uttered the words: "I have killed him."

Her father stood by in pitying commiseration of his daughter's suffering, but no word of comfort could he offer. At length the sad, pale face was raised, and, with a choking utterance, Grace said: "Papa, let us leave America; I want to go to Europe."

Her will was his law, and the next steamer carried father and daughter to the Old World. And in sunny Italy Grace will find grave, for she is rapidly changing from the beautiful belle to a sad, worn creature, a victim of her own folly, and dying, it is said, of a broken heart.

THE FONT OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

"The religion that can give Peace to the sorrowing heart; Can smooth the rugged paths of life, And bid each woe depart— Come, then, and drink at the font with me, The crystal draught that is always free."

Its sweet and heavenly power Was never yet denied, To those who in affliction's hour, Its healing draughts have tried. Come, then, and drink at the font with me, The crystal draught that is always free."

Rich or Poor?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"But it is so perfectly ridiculous! Just think for a minute how I am placed, and I am sure you can appreciate it—both of you, I mean."

Cora Jermyn looked from me to the other of her gentleman companions, and then laughed outright.

"I'm sure you know which of us you care the most for; at least, you ought to, Miss Jermyn."

George Grayson tried to speak with a show of important gravity, but the girl glanced archly up at him.

"But, you see, Mr. Grayson, I am not even sure that I care for either of you."

"Which is better, Miss Cora, than having unfortunately learned to love one unworthy you?"

It was Moore Maxfield who said that, and as he spoke, Cora caught a glimpse of his eyes, so honest and fearless, and so plainly telling that he loved her.

"That is true," she assented, slowly, thinking, as she looked off over the square at the horses and people, what a curious place New York was, where there were two beaux for every girl!

Mr. George Grayson sneezed.

"It may be true in newspaper stories, Miss Jermyn, but when it comes to choosing a husband I should say that a lady shows her good sense and superior judgment by marrying the man who can support her in the finest style. I need not tell you, Miss Jermyn, that I am worth seventy thousand dollars."

A self-satisfied smile was beaming on his face, but Cora blushed, half-angrily, half-ashamedly.

"As if I were to be sold to the highest bidder! Thank you, Mr. Grayson, it would be you, and not your money, I should look at, if I entertain your proposition."

"And, while you consider the propriety of becoming Mrs. Grayson, let me add, Miss Cora, that although I do not own over a thousand dollars in the world, I can offer you an honest love, an unstinted name, and a willing heart."

Moore Maxfield did not lay his hand over his heart as he spoke, or glance up to the ceiling, as George Grayson had done, and yet, little, country-bred Cora Jermyn felt in her soul that he was one of nature's truest noblemen.

"You must let me decide. I can not tell to-day; come to-morrow at this time, and I will give you your answer."

She fluttered away, leaving the gentlemen to depart, while she went to her own room to think it all over.

It was all so strange, so new, so delicious; this being admired and sought after and actually asked in marriage. It had only been three months since she came to New York from Lawnside, to see how fashionable people, like uncle Staniford, lived; and here she was, with two offers on hand, while Blanche and Brunette had not yet one!

Cora was no flirt, and yet it delighted her as it often does women who enjoy being wooed.

She certainly had admired Mr. Grayson very much until he had spoken so presumptuously to her; and then, in comparison most vivid, she remembered Moore Maxfield, the quiet, gentlemanly young artist, who was slowly making a mark in the world; and, somehow, her heart went out to him, and the remembrance of the light in his dark-blue eyes when he had so honestly offered all his wealth to her made her loving heart beat faster as she recalled it.

"But, I am not sure either of them really love me. Mr. Grayson certainly supposes me to occupy a different position in uncle's family from what I do, and Mr. Maxfield, well, I'll see what I can do to satisfy myself of the reality of their love for me."

And there Cora Jermyn sat all that short December afternoon, with the bright sunlight streaming like a golden flag over her short chestnut-brown curls and dimpled, rose-flushed cheeks.

The Staniford drawing-room was all alight when Cora entered it the next evening, to decide the fate of the two suitors who were to come into her presence.

She looked very fair and lovable in her trailing dress of lavender silk, with its graceful, flowing sleeves that displayed her round white arms, where a narrow golden band gleamed at the wrist.

night will decide. Will you do me a favor? Will you receive Mr. Grayson in auntie's sitting-room up-stairs, as you used to do before I came? And then, I want you to tell him I have lost my property. Will you?"

There was no roguishness in Cora's eyes, and her cousin knew she was in earnest.

"Yes," returned Nettie, slowly, glad of a chance to see him away from Cora.

"I hear a ring now," yes, added Cora, glancing at the window, "that is he."

She heard the gentleman shown to the family-room up-stairs, and then she went into her own apartment.

Mr. Grayson looked inquiringly around as he saluted the sisters.

"I do not see Miss Jermyn!"

"No," explained Nettie. "Cousin Cora bade me tell you she had met with a loss of all her property; and I suppose the sudden calamity prevents her from seeing you."

"Lost her property, eh?"

Mr. Grayson stood thoughtfully twirling his watch-chain; then he spoke again.

"That's a pity; I suppose now she'll be marrying that young Maxfield. Well, I guess they are pretty well matched. She's not particularly interesting, do you think?"

Poor Nettie!

"Well, yes, I must say we all love her dearly; we thought you did."

"Me—me love that child of a child? Oh, Miss Brunette, when a man of my age falls in love, it is not with a baby."

A silence followed, then Mr. Grayson went on while Brunette stood leaning against the dressing-bureau, listening.

"Yes, Miss Brunette, you are mistaken if you suppose I ever even thought, for a moment, of any one beside yourself."

A low knock at the door, that the gallant gentleman sprung to open, upsetting a light chair in his haste.

Cora Jermyn stood there, and an oath almost fell from George Grayson's lips, but she looked calmly up.

"I have heard it all, sir, and in return can only thank you for showing me so plainly your true feelings. As an heiress, you thought you cared for me, as a poor girl, you change your mind. Take him, Nettie, I don't want him!"

She went down-stairs, a flush of indignation on her cheeks, to meet Moore Maxfield at the door.

"I am come to hear if you will be mine, my Cora?"

He took her hands and drew her to the light.

She looked full in his face a moment. Then she spoke.

"Mr. Maxfield, I feel it is my duty to tell you that I have just fallen heir to a priceless jewel, of which I never learned till to-day. Of course, if you take me now, people will say you are a fortune-hunter."

She was trembling from head to foot, and her heart sunk when she saw the white shade of pain cross her lover's noble face.

"That is true, Cora; I thank you for telling me and saving me from imputation. I am not a rich man, Cora, or this never should separate us. Oh, Cora, this never can know how I love you—how I want you!"

He turned his face away, but he clasped her hands tightly, till her rings cut the tender flesh.

"Do you then love me so dearly, Moore—you are sure you do?"

"Sure? You must know! I but, don't call me 'Moore' again; you'll drive me mad!"

But Cora's arms were around his neck, and she drew his head down close to her.

"Yes, I shall! Moore, Moore, I do love you! I will be all yours! I have but one jewel, and that is your love! Don't you understand? I wanted to prove you—and him."

"You are my jewel, little darling. And now that you are sure I love you, what have you learned of my rival?"

She laughed merrily.

"Oh, Mr. Grayson wouldn't have me because I was poor, and you came near not having me because I was rich. I wonder whether I am rich or poor?" I know," she added tenderly, lowering her voice to a loving whisper, "I am blessed above all women, for you love me."

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To appear in early numbers of our new volume, we have the following truly superb array of first-class Serials, by our most brilliant American authors, and for which we challenge comparison with any popular weekly published.

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The great care bestowed by authors and editors alike, on every department of the JOURNAL, assures that perfection which has given to our paper its proud title of

THE MODEL WEEKLY OF AMERICA!

Look out for a total eclipse of the 'Old School' Weeklies in 1871!

Saturday Journal

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS—All contributions remitted must be fully prepaid, and also stamps enclosed for the MS. return, if it is not available. We can not assume any responsibility in the preservation of MSS. not used; therefore, authors should enclose stamps as indicated, which will secure the early remitting of the matter. All manuscripts will receive early and careful consideration. Authors will please be careful to address their inclosures to "BEADLE AND COMPANY, 98 WILLIAM ST., N. Y." and to write plainly on the corner of the envelope the words "Book MSS." The postage on a package so addressed is not more than for any other one. If not so marked the postage will be the usual letter rates, viz: three cents for every half ounce. In the choice of matter, preference will be given to those contributions (excellence being equal) which are shortest.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

OUR PAPER,

under its new auspices, has indeed taken a "Long Look Ahead." What with its beautiful and easily read typography, its striking and always excellent illustrations, its fair, clear type, the Saturday Journal is peerless among the popular weeklies; while in its already arranged "Bill of Fare" for the season, its hitherto brilliancy will be dimmed! Already the paper has published more successful and talked-about serials during the last ten months than any other weekly in the country, but in the coming months greater triumphs are in store. Readers reading to be entertained and delighted will find in this paper a most welcome guest.

Contributors and Correspondents.

Authors are requested always to give their full address on first page of each MS. Writing the name on the back of first page will not insure the manuscript's safety from destruction for want of author's address.

Mr. Madden, New Dealer at Belleville, Ohio, is informed that Beadle and Company's fine series of "Speakers," comprises of Juvenile Speakers, is greatly adapted to the wants of the little folks. The beauty of this admirable series of books is the perfect adaptability of each volume to the needs of boys and girls of all ages.

"Who is Joe Joe, Jr.?" asks Miss H., of Binghamton. He is a nice young fellow—oh, so nice, with dark eyes and black hair, and patent leather boots, etc., etc. Whether single or not we can not say. He certainly is a singular man. We wonder that some of his rhymes don't cause his arrest for literary malpractice.

Poem, "Skating with the Girls," is capital as to them but much too imperfect as a composition to merit a place in our columns. Author has yet to learn the proprieties and qualities of verse, and though she may feel poetry she never can write it without a knowledge of its principles. Let her con Poe's "Literary" and she will know what we mean. This is good advice to that large class of persons who think they can write poetry because they can write in rhyme. Rhymed lines are all well enough, but are no more poetry than the "light of a dark eye in woman" is a thunderbolt.

Do not want the matter referred to by the three correspondents in Potosi, Mo. No tale of horrors for us—Must say *no* to the "Necydes" of Alice B., but we say it in our politest manner, for the story is pleasantly told. We return the MS.—"Gretchen Green" is good, but its moral is naughty—might encourage some romantic Miss to think it a romantic matter to run away with some noodle. A marriage that can not be consummated openly and fearlessly had better far be omitted. There is no Gretchen Green in our Political Economy.—A. L. S. can not, we fear, write successfully for the press. Her poem on the S. J. is like the "French eunuch" that sells for thirty cents per pound—sweet clay. Her "New Year's Call" is, too, decidedly juvenile. MSS. not preserved.—Gem B. Leary's "production" for which she asks \$10, is not available. It is quite commonplace—a mere "composition." Authors' own ideas of worth are not always to be depended upon. Better leave it for the editor to decide upon literary values. MS. returned.—A Merry Mermaid we can not use. The author says: "Do, Mr. Editor, please write me, if you reject my story, what you think of it and what are its faults." Couldn't think of it, Miss Gracie; it would be degrading the schoolmaster. Can not use poems. "Lifted Up" and "My Two Loves" No stamps—Must say *no* to "Flowers" and "Random Notes." Author is too unskilled in composition to write for the press.—Sketch, by Harry St. Clair, Jr., is not available. MS. returned.—May find place for "Universality," poem.—Can not use the "How I Became a Detective," having a superabundance of that class of matter. It is good enough for use, so we return the MS. to author, whom we heartily thank for his appreciative note regarding the Saturday Journal.

Patty B. S. wants to know which is the correct form, "Good-bye," or "Good-by." Either is correct, and both are contractions of the old-fashioned ejaculation at parting, *God be with you*. So of the word "farewell." It is the old form *fare-you-well*, contracted. The orthography *farewell*, is incorrect; it is *fare-well*.

Miss E. V. C. is quite right in trying again; that is the only way to succeed. But let us suggest, poetry is something more than mere verse or rhyme; it is feeling, passion, imagination which inspire the poet's pen. The true poet coins not his verse by art and study; the verse literally comes of itself. We discover in both MSS. submitted that crudeness which shows both a want of proper educational training and a want of maturity in the thought itself. If you will write for publication, it is absolutely essential to become perfectly skilled in the art of composition.

Miss Inond's "Work for Woman" is very timely. It is one of the anomalies of our civilization that the known *route* or *libertine* should be one of the most popular of men among women of society. That it is so can not be doubted. Why woman should accept one code of morals for man and another for her erring sister we leave it for woman herself to determine, but hold her to a rigid accountability for the fruits of her remarkable inconsistency.

Foolscap Papers.

Sarah Jane's First Epistle to the Subscriber.

MAY, 184—

DEAR WASHY: Your sweet letter came to hand last evening while I was milking, and with an old sun-bonnet on, too, and my hair all down! I really felt ashamed of myself. Pete brought it from town, whither he had gone to buy a new pair of suspenders with that quarter you gave him to say nothing to me about you being tutted by the old man. I have been so lonesome since you went away that I have no heart to even wash the dishes half clean. Sweet thoughts of you are ever uppermost in my mind, and your dear face is immutably engraven on the tablet of my memory, and they sold the calf the other

day, and I feel like I was almost alone, with only hope to cheer me up, and father says that you were the biggest eater he ever saw, and I don't believe it. There are so many things that remind me of you—that old pair of boots that you left, that old straw hat and a pair of old socks, and don't you remember that hog that rubbed against your new black pants? indeed, I am sure I never look at a hog but what I think of you, darling. Never, never.

Your footprints are still in the muddy lane, and it will take a long time for them to be blotted out. Pete says those tracks are a little too wide for the lane, but he never knows what he is saying. I set out two beds of onions to-day, you were always so fond of them, and truly I never smell them but it brings you before my recollection, and then I always see that wart on your nose, and that little angelic mustache which you were always blacking with candle-snuff, and everlastingly getting it all over my face; but I remember those kisses! you were the first fellow that ever kissed me, and the first I ever kissed. I know you know all the girls say this, but it is a fact.

I have the greatest friendship for you, and I will have until we get married, if we ever do. Father says he hasn't got an opinion of you higher than the tower of Babel, and insinuates openly that I am urging my swine to a poor market. He says you have no cents—spelt both ways—but I don't mind much what he says against you, only I never like to hear him always saying that you are lazier than a crooked log; and he says if we ever do get married it will be because the sheriff ain't in very much of a hurry for a job.

Dear Washy, if I had an angel's pen I would write you the sweetest letter you ever read, and tell you that the old shanghai rooster that the folks said looked like you is a dead man, having swallowed a smoked ham without removing the string. We had noodles for dinner. How you would have enjoyed them if you had been here!

I hope I have a place in thy memory. I wonder if you still wear those stockings on which I embroidered new heels and toes? There, I had to stop and chase the mule off the porch. I hope you have not forgotten it. It's the one that made you walk sideways so long. It used to make mother so mad to see you using a fine-tooth comb three times a day, for she had an idea that it wasn't very polite, and going to bed with your boots on! she could never get over that.

Dear Washy, I hope for my sake you won't marry any of those millionaires' daughters—please don't.

But it is milking-time. I must fix the cows' slop. The swill-tub is just where it was when you fell in it last. How tenderly it reminds me of you! Be a good boy.

Your lovely, SARAH JANE. (NOTE. Since the above letter is in type, I have discovered that it is not the one I intended to give, but it is too late now for rectification.) WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

The White Witch!

is the title of Mr. Albert W. Aiken's new romance, soon to be commenced in these columns.

It is in the brilliant author's best manner, with a plot of extraordinary interest and attraction.

It forms one of the new series of novelties and surprises which we have in hand and in preparation.

Mr. Aiken's romances are strong, sterling, pure—not meretricious, tawdry and unhealthful, as are too many "popular" serials.

Readers of romance will immensely enjoy *The White Witch*, and declare it to be one of the finest serials ever given in the weekly press.

WONDERINGS.

I WONDER why engaged people, when they attend the theater, can not behave like sensible human beings, and not laugh and giggle as if there were no others present? I've seen them do it during the heaviest tragedy, and when I heard them snicker at the death of the tragedian in the play, I almost wished that they were dead in reality.

Was I naughty? I wonder why those women who write long articles about the difficulty in getting good help, don't go into the kitchen and help themselves? It would pay, and a husband thinks a dish tastes nicer when cooked by his wife. Who'll begin it?

I wonder if the woman who wants to borrow my SATURDAY JOURNAL before I get a chance to examine its contents, thinks I don't like to read the stories just as well as she does, and don't want to read them first?

I wonder if people wear panniers in heaven, and, if not, why women wear them to church, which they consider the next door to it? If a pannier is the passport to heaven, then I shall want to go to the other place, which is a naughty word to write.

I wonder if it is because a woman has little brains in her head that she only requires a clam-shell hat to cover it, or if she believes in Fashion, and is bound to be ruled by her, or perish in the attempt?

I wonder why a man can so far forget his dignity or respect for woman-kind, as to come into the presence of our sex with the fumes of wine upon his breath and his eye sparkling with an unnatural luster, making the woman he loves ashamed to be by his side?

I wonder if the time will come when the mechanic will be looked upon in his true light as one of Nature's noblemen, and not trodden down as though not fit to live? 'Tis time this foolish prejudice and talk of "pride noble birth" was crushed out, and man stand forth on his own merits.

I wonder what kind of a home that youth can have who passes his time in the bar-rooms and gambling-saloons? Has he no loving mother to charm him away from these haunts? Is there no fair-haired sister who is willing to tell her brother that home is far better than the grogshop? Come, sisters, make your home so happy that George or James will find it too pleasant to leave!

If you do not use this influence for right which you possess, you must not wonder that your brother goes astray. Often and often doth the sins of a brother lie at the door of those who should have made home an earthly paradise, and failed to do it.

I wonder whether an author or poet feels all he says in his productions, and if his poems on poverty are not written in a luxurious parlor, and if lovers always do act so unlike human individuals as they are made to do in dramas and stories?

I wonder why we weep over the sorrows of fictitious characters, and gaze on the misery of a real suffering fellow-creature without shedding a tear?

I wonder when the American people will be willing to recognize native talent, and not run after performers with unpronounceable names, and who imagine they can

eclipse our American artists just because they are foreigners? Encourage native talent, and you will have more performers to be proud of.

I wonder why we value those little keepsakes given to us by friends or they departed for the other and brighter shore? Why do we gaze on the picture of a lost mother with tear-dimmed eyes? It is because we seem to hold communion with the loved and gone. Ah! we are happier and brighter for these communions, and when the time comes for us also to depart, we shall be glad to go. Will any one's eyes be dimmed for us already? EYE LAWLESS?

One of Many.

Great numbers of letters come to us like the following from H. C. W., Sheldon, Vt.:

"I have read your paper ever since its commencement, and I can not now do without it. I wait for its coming with interest. It is the best paper of its kind now published."

Happy to give pleasure to all observant and appreciative readers, such commendations are highly gratifying as showing that we labor not in vain. Our paper for the New Year will be even better and more noticeable than in the year just closed, we already having in hand several powerful attractions and literary surprises.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

HOME! What a sweet word it is! But how many houses there are—places where families eat and sleep, and live out their lives—that are undeserving of the name, that have none of the sweet, cultivated, refined influences and associations of home.

There may be comfort and luxury, so far as physical needs are concerned, but all that money can buy will not, of itself, make home. The most elegant residences are frequently devoid of a genial, pleasant atmosphere, while abodes where wealth and elegance never enter, have all the enticing, refining attractions of home.

It is to be regretted that so many parents and guardians of youth fail in furnishing the essentials of a pleasant abiding-place for their children. These long winter evenings offer great temptations to the youth of both sexes, but especially "the boys," to seek amusement outside of the home-circle, and unless there is pleasant and profitable entertainment furnished there, they fall into habits of "going out" every evening, leaving home as they do, and sowing seeds of evil, which no amount of culture in after years can eradicate.

In youth habits are so easily formed—the mind is growing and plastic, and when age gives firmness and strength, the impressions received in youth are, like statues in brass, enduring and unchangeable. How necessary, then, that none but good habits should be formed.

Many parents shut their children out from them, as it were; take no part in their amusements, nor interest themselves in what is of interest to the children; neither do they lift them up to their own level by encouraging them to talk on literary and scientific subjects, and such as engross their own attention.

Plenty of good reading matter is an essential of every true home. It should neither be all light or all solid, but a judicious admixture of both. Reading aloud—not steadily for a whole evening, but short, interesting articles that awaken thought and invite discussion—is a pleasant amusement. Let every one offer their opinion, and don't "snub" the younger children—encourage them to talk and listen—explain what you are talking of to them, and thereby interest them in it. If children find plenty of amusement at home—if they are allowed freedom there—they will soon find it the pleasantest place to spend their evenings, and gladly stay there.

I wonder that people do not more fully realize their duty in this respect, do not try various methods of making home happy, and strive to suit each particular youthful taste, cultivating a love of home where it is naturally deficient, and never cease trying until they succeed in keeping their youth there—not discontentedly and unwillingly, but gladly, joyfully, and with no secret longings for the society of late parties and saloons.

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

MY IDEA OF A GOOD SHOW.

I ALWAYS contrive to have the best show upon the road, and, as it always gives good satisfaction, I will tell you what it consists of.

I have a "living wild Indian from the mighty rolling prairies of the West," which I represent myself, and in so truthful a manner that I have known many a western emigrant to come to my tent desiring my scalp for some wrong done to him, and hailing me by the name of "Ki-cken-out." He tells me I have burned his wife to the ground, and carried off his house and barn into hopeless captivity, and that his soul pants for a new suit of clothes, but I don't allow his soul to pant very long, for I flourish my Thomas-hawk in the vicinity of his pants, and, like a loon, pants himself out of my show.

I have had over a dozen squaws claiming me as their long-lost brave, and making me any thing but brave when Mrs. Smithers overhears of it. I tell her I must keep up appearances to make the show pay, but she says when I kiss all the squaws it is going a little too far. In fact, it makes her "squawk."

"There's a good deal of bliss in a sister's kiss, but a squaw's is a different thing."

My son, Dehility Joseph, used to impersonate the living skeleton, until he cut so much that he will now do for the Fat Man of Salamanca, and the public seem to think him a great curiosity, but he is a very forgetful youth, and often forgets to roar out in pain when people stick pins in the padding of his body. I wish he would either dwindle away to a skeleton or become a Daniel Lambert, for, as it is, he requires an immense sight of cotton batting to keep up the illusion. I am not sure but what delusion would be a better and more appropriate name for him.

Mrs. Smithers is a lady of rare and remarkable musical abilities, and I style her on the bills as "The Seraphic Singer of Switzerland."

I have my doubts as to Seraph's singing "Shoo Fly," but Mrs. S. says that "it is just suited to her voice," and seraph or no seraph she is bound to "feel like a morning star." Mrs. S. has a most powerful organ for singing, and I can well bear in mind that, when she was vocalizing in the West, a posse of policemen came to my tent and were about to arrest me for beating my wife, whom they heard screaming for assistance. I told them that Roxana Calliope was merely exercising her vocal organ. They said they came prepared to take up all nuisances, and were about to bear away the gentle and dulcet Roxana Calliope, when

she whispered in my ear that she had a plan whereby she could make them leave. She commenced—

"Deal with me kindly, Cheest my young he-heart, I'll follow thee be-lindly Where ever thou ar-art."

They left—immediately!

I have also a live snake stuffed after it was dead, and when I tell my gentle audience that it is perfectly harmless they wonder if I am not stuffing them as well. Mrs. Smithers has been teasing me for a box to wear about her neck like she has seen some fashionable have, and when I can get some other attraction I am going to be generous and let her wear that snake. I never like to begrudge Mrs. S. any pleasure.

I have a fine gun that was used in the war of 1776; and I know it is genuine, for I saw it made myself, in 1845, and it is just as good as new.

I'm a-trying to get up a sensation and am inducing Mrs. Smithers to represent herself as Mrs. Shakspeare's great grandmother, but she objects on the ground that she can't, by any possible means, make herself old enough to gull the public. Women folks are so vain!

My youngest child, Cordellira Patridge, impersonates the "Sleeping Angel," and very well she does it when she won't fill her mouth with molasses and have great spots over her dress. Perhaps the public howl at this and call it a "juvenile lumbago," and "an imposition," but I pacify them by asking if they ever saw an angel, and if not, how do they know whether angels love molasses candy?

There's a slight panoramic roll of canvases goes with us, and the artist has so painted it that I have exhibited it as a view of China, New York, Prussia, Boston, Ireland, East cetry, and none of the audience objected. The painter of this panorama is what I call a true and obliging artist.

By the way, I would like to secure two men to perform the characters of the "Forty Thieves." They must come cheap, as I wish to produce the drama "regardless of expense." Address SMITHERS, THE SHOWMAN.

GOOD MANNERS.

OF course, no man of the world, even though he should happen to be a philosopher, will despise the charms of a good manner. The lady who sits next to me at dinner, being well-dressed, speaking in low tones, eating her food daintily, smiling on occasion sweetly, does me, by her presence, a positive service. The gentleman across the table, who is always telling the company, in looks and tones, that he is as good as they are—better than they are—takes all flavor from the dish, all bouquet from the wine. Manners may be no more than the small circulating coinage of society, but when these bits of silver have the true-mint mark upon them, they will pass for all that they are worth in every place, at every hour of the day. In the moment of a quick demand a few cents in the purse may be of higher value to a man than a bag of dollars laid up in a bank. What makes a good manner of so much worth as to have raised it into one of the fine arts, is the fact that in the free commerce of men and women, none but the minor debts of society are likely to arise between guest and guest. In the street, in the hotel, in the railway train, a man's character hardly ever comes into play. What a man is may be of little account to the passer-by; what he does may either gladden the passer-by with delightful thoughts, or torture him into agonies of shame.

W. H. D.

A CHILD'S FRIEND.

GROWN persons are apt to put a lower estimate than is just on the understanding of children; they rate them by what they know, and children know very little, but their capacity of comprehension is very great; hence the continued wonder of those who are unaccustomed to them, at the "old-fashioned ways" of some lone little one who has had no playfellows, and at the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continual battle goes on in a child's mind between what it knows and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance, and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension. The great art of education is so to train this last faculty as neither to depress nor over-exert it. The matured mediocrity of many an infant prodigy proves both the degree of expansion to which it is possible to force a child's intellect, and the boundary which nature has set to the success of such false culture.

CLEANLINESS.

A NEAT, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable, and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squallid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of others; and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

HOW IT IS RECEIVED!

From every direction come congratulations over the remarkable success of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. One enthusiastic admirer calls it *THE YOUNG ARTIST'S WEEKLY*; another, *THE FEARLESS PAPER*; another, *A LITERARY SENSATION*. We beg leave to quote the following, just at hand:

NEW YORK, Jan'y 11th, 1871. BEADLE AND COMPANY,

Dear Sirs:—I can not rest until I have written to you, to tell you what I think of your paper. I read the "Editor's" Weekly, and almost all the weekly papers, but none can come up to the "Saturday Journal." I have bought it, each week, from the very first number, and when you doubled its size and still sold it for the same price, I liked it still better. I see you are going to charge six cents next week. It is well worth it. Indeed, I would pay fifty cents a copy, if I could not get it in any other way.

Yours respectfully, J. B. HENLEY, No. 834 8th Ave.

Our experiment in publishing a first-class popular paper, at the retail price of five cents, demonstrated one thing—that, if we could compete with our contemporaries, and win a large circulation at that price, at six cents we could lead them in the race! Just what we shall do! Our splendid corps of contributors warrants us in promising the BEST FIRE-STEAD AND FAMILY JOURNAL—the most brilliant and thoroughly enjoyable POPULAR PAPER on this side of the Atlantic. As we have fulfilled our promises in the past, so shall we in the future. The SATURDAY JOURNAL WILL LEAD AND NOT BE LED.

THE MEETING.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

We shall meet again, but oh, In what other places? Knowing each as now we know, But—with altered faces, Time may lengthen o'er the day; Years may be the summing; Changes work in many a way, But—the day is coming.

Whether on the earth below, Or in heaven whether? Who can tell? We only know We shall be together. There's a meeting place, Bring the meeting pleasant, Even though so far away From the yearning present.

Let the faith of friends endear Memory's sweet renewal. And our hearts love's lively wear Out of Time's subdual. What if we should never meet? Gain a friend or favor? Shall the Past be idle love? Shall it lose its savor?

Think of me not always, yet Sometime, when the hours Make it happiness to sit In remembered bowers. We shall meet again, oh, In what other places? Knowing each as now we know, But—with altered faces.

The Broken Heart.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

"THEN you will not come in?" "Not just now, thank you, Miss Allie, but I will drop in for a moment this evening—may I?"

"We shall always be pleased to see you—au-tant and I," and the fair girl's face flushed beneath his sparkling gaze.

The trim, dainty figure stood beside the garden-gate, her large blue eyes following the tall, handsome blonde beauty deeply toward the village, and then, when he vanished around the turn, only pausing to wait a salute with her white, shapely hand, Alice Prevost turned and slowly entered the house.

There was a half-amused, half-cynical smile playing around the doctor's well-shaped mouth as he gained his little room at the "tavern," and drew forth writing materials. He muttered, with a quiet laugh:

"It is a decided windfall, my meeting this little 'school-ma'am,' for I believe I would dry up and blow away here in this dull, humdrum hole, were it not for this flirtation. Wonder if the little goose actually believes all I tell her. How her great eyes would open could she read this letter from my lady wife! Ha! ha!"

Doctor Alfred Warburton was a rising physician of St. Louis, young, handsome and talented, whose health had been impaired by close study and application to his business, and prescribing a vacation, had taken a trip out through western Missouri and Kansas. Feeling indisposed while passing for the night at Wathena, he resolved to spend a week at the village to recruit.

One day he was invited by his host to attend a school picnic, and at it he met and formed the acquaintance of the teacher, Alice Prevost, a small, delicate, fairy-like being, whose gentle blonde beauty deeply impressed his fancy. Warburton contrived to meet her again and again, and gradually became a frequent visitor at the house of her aunt, with whom Alice resided. He was an agreeable conversationalist, and possessing great powers of pleasing, exerted himself to the utmost, until the poor girl was completely fascinated.

Alfred Warburton was not a villain or a deceiver, in the ordinary acceptance of the word; on the contrary, he was esteemed as a high-minded and honorable man, by all who knew him. But he was very vain and inordinately proud of his handsome face and form, and winning manner. He saw that Alice was deeply attracted by his appearance, and thought it a pity to miss such an opportunity for a pleasant flirtation. So he concealed the fact of his being a married man, and devoted himself to the task of winning the love of the pretty school-mistress, without once thinking of her welfare or peace of mind. How many such gentlemen can we find in every community! and yet they are honored, respected, applauded!

Thus day after day he met Alice at the little school-house, when the hour of dismissal approached, and they would walk to her home together, chatting lightly, or else strolling along in a silence that was far more eloquent than words. Not one of his well-turned sentences could be found fault with, were they analyzed; he was a perfect proficient in the art of flirtation for that, yet he conveyed the idea to Allie that he loved her, and she was happy—very happy. She was never again to know such perfect happiness in this world, as that she revealed in then.

Innocent and guileless herself, the girl did not scruple to reveal her heart's feelings to Alfred, but he was not touched by her artlessness. Instead, it spurred him on; it was such delicious sport, this playing upon the heart-strings of a beautiful woman, that vibrated but for him alone. But to do him justice, he did not dream of the wrong he was committing. Judging her by himself, Warburton thought that a day or so would suffice to heal the wound, when she learned the truth.

But one day the crisis came. It was upon the Sabbath, and they had attended church at the little school-house together, and upon the road back, one word led to another until he owned his love—as he called it—in plain terms. "Supremely happy," Allie confessed that it was returned, and then they walked on in silence. Her heart was too full of joy for utterance, and he was not a little perplexed at the dilemma in which he found himself.

This was not what he contemplated, or what he wished, and now he began to realize what he had been guilty of. At the gate they parted, Warburton pleading letters to write, and promising to call that evening and reveal all to Allie's aunt, asking for not to mention what had occurred in the mean time. As he returned to the hotel, Warburton decided what course to pursue, and when the evening train left it bore him along, bound for home, without leaving one word of explanation for the girl he had so heartlessly deceived.

A year had elapsed, and Doctor Warburton was sitting in his cozy little office, down

town. The "little flirtation" had long since been obliterated from his memory, and he had never since met or heard of Alice Prevost. But the reverie of the physician was abruptly dispelled by a loud rap at his door, and in answer to his "come in," the door opened and a tall, bearded man entered.

A broad-brimmed hat was slouched over his eyes, and a heavy overcoat muffled his form. There appeared to be a stern, vindictive expression upon his bronzed features, but that may have been habitual.

"Are you Doctor Alfred Warburton?"

"I am—will you be seated?"

"No, sir. You are wanted by a friend of mine; can you come with me, now?"

"If my professional services are needed, certainly. Will I need my instruments?"

"It will be no harm to take them. I have a carriage at the door; come," and the stranger abruptly left the room, followed by the physician, who was not a little surprised at his gruff, unceremonious demeanor.

"Where am I to go, and what is the nature of the ailment?" he asked, as he entered the carriage.

"You will see shortly; it is not far," and here they sat in silence while the vehicle rolled rapidly along.

When it paused they emerged and entered a large, comfortable-looking dwelling, and as he deposited his hat upon the rack, Warburton asked:

"Will I see any ladies?"

"Yes; one."

"Then allow me," and he carefully arranged his hair and whiskers before the glass. "Now I am ready."

The man led the way up a flight of stairs and rapped gently upon a closed door, which swung open, revealing a short, slight-built man whose stern face was pale and haggard.

"This is the doctor, Ned," said the first man, entering the room.

Warburton glanced curiously around the apartment. It was richly furnished and several oil-paintings hung upon the wall. But one strange object fixed his gaze.

Toward one end of the room there stood what seemed a long, low table, covered with a heavy cloth that hung to the floor. Then he turned toward the smaller man, who now spoke in a hard, cold tone.

"You are welcome, Doctor Warburton, very welcome. I am Edward Prevost. Ah, you start. Then your memory is not entirely dead. I am glad of it, for it renders my task the more easy. Yes, I am the brother of Alice Prevost, the girl whom you so basely trifled with and then deserted. But do not fear," he added, sneeringly, as Warburton shrunk back; "you are safe from my vengeance. There are murders that can not be punished with death, though they are tenfold more dastardly than those that are."

"Murder," faltered the physician.

"Yes, murder; I said so, and I repeat it; you are a murderer. Wait, you may speak when I have finished. I was in California when you visited Wathena, and when I returned I found my sister ill, and gradually fading away, of a disease that baffled all medical skill, until she was forced to discontinue her teaching."

"She would only smile wearily and say that time would cure her, when we questioned her. But instead of that, every day saw her weaker and thinner, more pale and death-like than the preceding one. We thought it was some subtle fever, and determined to try a change of air, and came to St. Louis, but all seemed in vain."

"One day, not many weeks since, we—she and I—were out riding, when we met you in your buggy. She turned pale and almost fainted, and murmured your name. I divined it all, then, for I had heard of your visit to Wathena, and of the close attention you had paid her, although I little guessed how far it had gone."

"Before I rested that night I had learned the whole story from my sister, and that it was because of your desertion that she had altered so—that she was actually dying of a broken heart. She—my Allie—dying for love of a man whose whole body and soul was not worth one single hair of her head."

"I crushed down my pride, then, and resolved to seek you out, and telling you the whole truth, to beg—to pray upon my bended knees, if necessary—that you would act the man and save her from death. I thought that there might be some mistake—some misunderstanding, that I could explain away, for had not you sworn that you loved her?"

"I did seek you out and made inquiries regarding you. And what did I learn? that you were married—that you had been married here, the father of a family, when you swore to that innocent, guileless girl that you loved her, and her only! Had I met you then, I would have throttled you like a dog!"

"Well, I came home and told the whole truth to Alice. I tried to soften it, but the blow was too heavy, and she sunk beneath it. While she was in ignorance, she could believe that you were innocent, that you had been murdered, or kept away against your will, and the hope of some time meeting you, kept her alive. But to have the mask torn from her—her ideal that she almost worshipped, to see him in his real colors, a dastardly liar and coward—it was too much, and—she died!" and as he almost sobbed out these last words, the brother turned his head in anguish almost too great for human endurance.

"Really, I don't," faltered Warburton, backing toward the door; but Prevost waved his hand and said to his companion, in a cold, stern tone:

"Hold the door, John; he must not go yet."

"I protest against this outrage!" cried the physician, in an angry tone.

"Patience, for a moment, and then you may go as free as the air. I have but a little more to say," added Prevost. "I said that my sister sunk beneath the shock, and took to her bed—her death-bed, for she never left it alive! Day by day she grew fainter and more angel-like, and almost her last words were for me, not to harm you, to leave you to your own conscience—as though such a villain was capable of having one! But I promised."

"Last night she died—died with your name upon her lips, and with her last breath she forgave the wrong you had done her. But I vowed that you should once more gaze upon the face of her whom you had murdered—for it was murder, as much so as if you had taken her life at one blow—and for that I have brought you here. See!" and as he spoke the brother gently removed the cloth from the coffin and motioned the doctor to approach.

Warburton slowly advanced as if compelled to do so by some power superior to his own will, and gazed down upon the pale,

sweet face of her whose young life he had blighted, and brought to an early death.

She looked very beautiful, then, as she lay within the coffin, but Alfred Warburton staggered back with a groan of horror, while the brother stood before him with one hand pointing upward as if mentally calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon his head.

"She pardoned you and asked me to join with her, but I could not; I would only promise not to injure you bodily. But night and day I will pray that God will punish you, and what man can do to blight your life, your prospects and your happiness, that will I perform. If you flee, I will follow you, and until one of us is dead, I will never lose sight of your motions. I pray that sorrow and grief like what I have endured, may be your daily portion; that death may darken your home until you are alone and desolate upon the earth, as I am. I pray that your friends may fall from you, and your last days beset in ruin and disgrace. That you may never know rest or peace; that your conscience may not allow you a moment's oblivion, even in sleep; that the remembrance of the innocent girl whom you murdered may haunt you forever! I curse you and yours, body and soul, awake or sleeping, living or dead—I curse you, one and all!"

The brother looked grandly majestic as he uttered those words in a deep tone, with uplifted hand, and Warburton covered before him as if in mortal terror, then he turned and rushed down the stairs, fleeing from the scene barchaded and almost crazed.

As time rolled on, it seemed as though the brother's curse was being fulfilled. That terrible scourge—the small-pox—entered the doctor's house and desolated it; wife and children falling its victims.

As time passed on, dark rumors were set afloat, and Warburton's friends gradually shunned him, and in despair he sought forgetfulness in drink. In less than a year from the pronouncing of the curse, he committed suicide, while in a fit of the *delirium tremens*.

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In a few minutes, they were seated in the parlor, near the comfortable register, with its grateful heat welling up. Myra at once entered into a lively conversation. She was an adept in the art (or science?) of entertaining, and she soon succeeded in arresting the student's attention and holding it.

But, for a long time, not one word of reference was made to Madeleine Fleming.

It may as well be mentioned here that the young girls were now strangers to each other.

But, gradually, and very adroitly, Myra managed her conversation so as to bring in the name of Madeleine. The collegian started; but quickly recovering himself, replied by asking:

"How is it, Myra, that you and Miss Fleming are never seen together nowadays? You were intimate once, you know."

Fenton innocently thought his secret was not known to Myra.

"Why, Fenton," returned the girl, promptly, "I can not exactly tell. I was once fond of Madeleine Fleming, but then—then—"

"What then, Myra?" queried the young man, half-impudently.

"Why, people change, Fenton, and I have reasons for changing—reasons for not now liking the young lady," returned Myra, quietly, a red flush passing over her pale face.

"You have nothing against Made—Miss Fleming—I hope, Myra? No, you can have nothing! She is so pure—so heavenly—so—"

"You are warm in her praises, Fenton," interrupted Myra, a bitterness evident in her tones.

"I am truthful, Myra; that is all," replied the student, calmly, though a blush mantled his cheeks and forehead.

"Ah! indeed!" and now downright sarcasm spiced on in Myra's tones.

"Yes; I have known Miss Fleming for nearly twelve months, and I say but the truth, when I repeat that she is amiable, sweet, loving—"

"Granted! all granted!" interrupted the girl, hastily and nervously. "But you have known me for a longer time, and Fenton, dear Fenton, can you not allow to me the same good characteristics?"

As she spoke, Myra Hoxley leaned over, and placed her white, trembling hand on the collegian's shoulder.

Fenton Thorne started, and blushed like a woman. There was no mistaking those words—no misunderstanding that soft, insinuating tone, and what it all meant. The young man's face burned like a coal; but he managed to stammer out:

"Of course, of course, Myra, I think you are the same; but—"

"But you do not like me as well as you do Madeleine Fleming! You do not love me?" and she gazed him in the face.

At that moment Fenton Thorne would have blessed the power which would have borne him to some lonely island of the seas. But he felt his position, and he appreciated it. He was under the eye of a curious and a jealous woman.

He rallied at length, and with a ghastly attempt at a smile, asked, falteringly:

"And who says this of me, Myra? Who says that I love Madeleine Fleming?"

"That question could be readily answered, by any one," and she gazed pertinaciously, yet softly, at him as she spoke.

"Nay, nay, Myra," responded the young man, half-bantering, "you have not answered the question: Who says I love Madeleine Fleming?"

"I do, Fenton Thorne! And I speak the truth! Besides that, I say you are a silly boy, to pay court to such a girl!"

Myra Hoxley's eyes flashed fire as she spoke, and those eyes were still fastened on the face of her guest.

"What mean you, Myra? What mean you? Speak, I say!" exclaimed the student, impulsively.

"I mean what I say: I will explain by saying—Madeleine Fleming falls in love with every new face; that her heart is changeable and callous; that her likes and dislikes vary as the wind shifts; that she has trifled already with a half-dozen others, even as she is trifling with you now!" and the girl still kept her eyes bent on the face of the student.

Fenton Thorne felt a rushing torrent dash into his face; his hands clutched nervously at his swaying watch-chain. But the youth controlled himself, and did not speak.

"Now, Fenton, dear Fenton!" and the beautiful girl drew still nearer to him; "since I have opened your eyes to facts—for, I reiterate, Madeleine can not be trusted—can you not put confidence in me?"

Nay, Fenton, do not interrupt me, for I have long sought this opportunity, and must speak. Do you know, Fenton, what the love of a true woman is?—do you know what it means?—

The sun was about two hours high. A dark cloud-bank in the west had climbed up into the sky; the wind was coming out from over the land in light, moaning sighs; anon, with a fierce puff, simulating a gust. The sun, bright and warm, was just entering the edge of this cloud which was stretching up toward the zenith.

About half a mile below the lofty hotel at Vue de l'Eau, about sixty yards from the moaning, fretting margin of the bay, stood a neat little cottage with porches and a nice large yard around it. This little retreat was the property of Arthur Fleming, the ex-merchant, once in the lifetime of his beloved wife, a constant resort every summer, when the hot sun drove the denizens of the city to seek the refreshing breezes of sea-side and country.

Seated on the rustic bench near the porch, fronting on the bay, were Fenton Thorne and Madeleine Fleming. By the side of the little wharf, at the foot of the gravelled walk-way, lay the staunch little yacht, the "Bay State," rocking up and down to the increasing swell, her cordage creaking and rattling, as the rising wind played cheerily through it. Long had the lovers sat there, in that quiet retreat, sanctified in its very quietude. Long and sweet, too, had been the conversation, and the reader need not be told the burden of their talk. Lower sunk the sun, now shining like a huge ball of molten iron, through the dun-colored cloud now coming up from the west. Higher sung the rising wind, and now hollow and sadly moaned the rolling billows as they chased one another rapidly and angrily in shore.

"Ha!" exclaimed the young man, suddenly, as he arose to his feet, and hearkened to the ominous moan of wind and water. Then he glanced toward the threatening sky. "Come, Madeleine," he said, in an excited manner, though he strove to conceal his agitation from her; "come, darling, we must put off; we are going to have a little wind," and taking her hand in his, he ran briskly down to the wharf. The girl did not heed the signs of the coming elemental storm, for her faith in her lover's skill, his strong arm, his judgment and tact, were implicit.

"Why, Fenton, dear," she said, cheerfully, as she sprung with the aid of his hand to the deck of the tossing yacht, "I care not for a little wind! Let it blow, darling, I care not!"

"Nor would I, Madeleine, were I alone," returned the other, seriously, as he cast off the bow-line of the boat. "Come, Madeleine, quick—be seated—there! Mind the boom! duck your head and—there she goes!"

The yacht's head slowly fell off, and then the large sail, catching the wind, filled beautifully, and the "Bay State" dashed away with a foaming bow. On they flew, the wind rising higher and higher, the sea rolling more fearfully as they bore out on the bosom of the white-capped bay. Now, the flying spray struck the sharp bows of the yacht, and flew in feathery flakes far astern. Fenton took off his coat and flung it over Madeleine's shoulders. The girl clung closer to him, and, as she looked in his face, asked tremulously: "Is there any—danger, Fenton? Can you manage the boat?"

"Trust me, darling," was the prompt reply, though the young man's tone was very serious, as he continued: "but, Madeleine, the seawind is heavy. I must reef the sail; the yacht can't stand it. Seize hold of the tiller firmly; you can do it—with both hands—so! Hold it steady for five minutes and I'll relieve you."

The girl did as directed, and grasped the cracking tiller with a strong, nervous grip. The yacht was now bowling along at a fearful speed, burying her bows at every lunge in the seething waters around her; but she was well handled, and staunch withal, for she readily came up again to her work, and spurning the fleeing waters, darted onward.

Fenton Thorne worked like a hero; the bellying sail was soon reduced to a mere pocket handkerchief in size, as he returned silently and took the tiller again in his own hands. The boat did not now ship so much water, but she still held on her flying bisped.

"See! we have company, Madeleine, suddenly exclaimed Fenton, glancing over his shoulder, as they cleared the near headland; "is the fellow crazy? He is carrying full canvas. By Jove! it's the 'Two Boys' and he's coming this way. But, what does the fool mean?" he suddenly exclaimed, rising to his feet and steadying himself by the tiller, as the "Bay State" plowed her greedy way along. "He'll cross our bows—and I can not jibe or fall off! Lie low, Madeleine! Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy! or you'll be foul of me! Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!"

"Can't do it! My main sheet is adrift—my rudder jammed!" came back, in loud tones, from the rapidly advancing boat.

"Madeleine—oh! Madeleine—climb to me—quick!" cried the youth as the other yacht, with bursting sail, bore like lightning down on them.

A moment, and they struck. The "Bay State" reeled, shook, rocked fearfully, and with a twinkling, lay on her side, the billows making a clean breach over her.

But the other yacht immediately tacked, as if handled by a ready hand, and bore away toward the now dusky city.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 44.)

RED ARROW,

The Wolf Demon:

OR,
THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND,"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FOLLOWING A MADMAN.

With eager haste, Boone and Kenton followed in the footsteps of Lark.

On through the station, without turning to the right or left, but heading straight toward the forest, Lark went.

Amazed at his strange action, Boone and Kenton strove to overtake him, but the madman—for the two borderers had but little doubt that Lark had been attacked by sudden madness—entered the shadows of the wood before the others could overtake him.

The two paused on the edge of the timber and looked at each other for a moment in astonishment.

"Well, darn my old hide, ef I know what

to make of this!" exclaimed Boone, breaking the silence.

"Shall we follow him?" asked Kenton. "Yes," replied Boone, decidedly. "I never see'd any thing like this hyer afore, and I feel a nat'ral curiosity to see the end onto it. We were a-goin' to make a scout, and ef we foller him, why, it's pretty much the same thing."

So, without further conversation, the two plunged into the wood.

They tracked Lark easily, for he crashed through the wood without caution, making fully as much noise as a huge bear.

Lark was heading straight for the Ohio; in fact, retracing the course the three had taken in coming from the Indian village of Chillicothe.

"Ef we should happen to run into a war-party of Shawnees, they'd make mince-meat out of us afore you could say Jack Robinson," growled Kenton to Boone, as they raced through the tangled mazes of the thicket, in their endeavor to keep up with the madman's headlong course.

"Yes, it's lucky that thar ain't any chance of meetin' the red heathens this side of the big drink," Boone was referring to the Ohio.

"Darned ef I ain't gitting short-winded," said Kenton, breathing heavily.

"Well, I ain't got any more wind than I want, myself," Boone replied.

Still onward through the forest Lark went, never slackening his headlong speed, stopping not for bush nor briar.

At last he reached the river's bank.

The shades of night were descending fast upon the earth, covering forest and river with a mantle of inky blackness. Afar off in the eastern sky, the moon, like a sword of fire, was rising above the forest's dark line.

Calmly on rolled the great river, its turbid waves lashing the banks that bound its pathway with many a dull and sullen moan as though impatient of restraint.

When Boone and Kenton reached the river's side, Lark had just drawn a canoe from its hiding-place in the bushes that fringed the bank. The canoe was the same that the three had used before when they had crossed the stream.

Lark dragged the canoe to the river and launched the frail bark on the dark and sullen waters.

Boone and Kenton, profiting by the delay, overtook Lark just as he gave the canoe to the embrace of the dark stream.

"Hallo, man! what on yearth has got into yer?" cried Boone.

For the first time, Lark turned and looked upon his pursuers.

One look the hardy bordermen took at the face of their companion, and then they felt that the warm life current in their veins was congealing with horror.

They looked not upon the face of a man but rather on the face of a corpse, newly risen from its grave.

White as the stainless marble was the face of Lark, and his large eyes glared with demonic fires.

Like men inspired with sudden fear, the stout-hearted borderers recoiled.

Then, to their amazement, Lark raised his hand and pointed to the canoe, that rocked and danced like a thing of life upon the turbid waters.

"He wants us for to git in and cross the 'drink' with him," said Boone, in a voice that showed plainly the feeling of horror that had taken possession of the old Indian-fighter.

"Shall we go?" asked Kenton, scarcely speaking above his breath.

"Yes; it's our duty as Christian men to see that this madman comes to no harm. I'm afraid that we are a-goin' to see something terrible," Boone answered.

Again, and with a gesture of command, Lark pointed to the frail boat, that was dancing like an egg-shell on the bosom of the surging tide.

The two obeyed the gesture and entered the canoe.

Then Lark seized the paddle, and the little craft, with its human freight, sped rapidly across the river.

The white-capped billows—the children of the wind—surged and dashed against the sides of the canoe as if eager to tear from their frail shelter the mortals that dared to risk their lives amid the turbid waves of the Ohio.

The rising wind whistled and surged through the frail forest trees; the waves were turbid and angry; the sky was hid by many a storm-cloud; the moon, a ray of lurid light, was darting lambent fires through the dark cloud-banks.

The scouts looked around them and shuddered. A terrible depression was upon their feelings. The very air they breathed seemed full of evil.

The bow of the canoe touched the bank.

With a sweep of the broad paddle, Lark brought the canoe sideways to shore. Boone and Kenton at once gained the bank. Lark followed, slowly.

On the bank, Lark halted. In his hand he held the "painter" of the canoe, a sprig of grape-vine.

A moment he looked at the frail bark and then deliberately drove his foot through the bottom and cast it adrift to the mercy of the swollen waters.

Eagerly, like living things, the sullen waves leaped over and around the canoe as it sunk from mortal sight in their chill embraces.

"Jerusalem! how on yearth are we a-goin' to git across the drink ag'in?" muttered Boone, in dismay.

Kenton did not reply, for he was watching Lark eagerly.

The stalwart borderer, who was acting so strangely, watched the canoe until the dark waters hid it from his sight. Then, without paying any more attention to the two, who stood by his side on the bank, than if they had been sticks or stones, he plunged into the thicket that fringed the river's side.

Utterly dumbfounded at his unaccountable actions, Boone and Kenton again followed upon his track.

This time, however, Lark did not proceed carelessly and without caution, as before, but, on the contrary, crept through the tangled underwood with all the care of a wild beast stealing upon its prey.

The two woodmen had but little difficulty in following their strange companion.

Seconds lengthened into minutes, minutes into hours. The great moon, rising slowly up, no longer flecked the sky with swords of fire, but beamed a flood of soft, silvery light, save when the flying clouds crossed her path, and, like agents of evil, hid her rays from sight.

"We must be near Ke-ne-ha-ha's village," muttered Kenton to Boone, after a weary tramp through the pathless wilderness, trailing Lark's erratic course.

"Putty near," replied Boone.

Hardly had the words left the lips of the old woodman, when, as suddenly as if he had sunk into the earth, Lark disappeared from sight.

The woodmen stood aghast. They had followed Lark easily. He had not seemed to notice that the two were near him, and had not attempted to evade them.

"What on yearth has he gone to?" muttered Boone in astonishment, and rubbing his eyes as if he doubted the evidence of his own senses.

"Down into the yearth or up into the air?" answered Kenton, who was as much astonished as his companion at the sudden and mysterious disappearance.

Then the two advanced to the spot whereon Lark had stood when they had seen him last.

It was too dark for them to attempt to follow his trail, if he had left one, and so, defeated in their pursuit, they halted to counsel what their next move should be.

"Let's go on a little way; maybe we'll find some trace of him ahead," said Boone, thoughtfully.

Then the two proceeded onward till they came to a little open glade, whereon the moonbeams shone.

As the two reached the glade and stood within the timber that fringed its edge, a slight noise fell upon their ears.

"Hush!" cried Boone, in a cautious whisper, and he laid his hand lightly upon Kenton's arm as he spoke.

Stout Sim hardly needed the caution, for his quick ear had caught the sound.

"It's some one coming through the forest," said Kenton, in a whisper.

"Yes," replied Boone, listening intently.

"Can it be Lark?"

"No, I think not," said the old woodman; "it's more likely to be an Injun. We must be mighty nigh to the Injun village."

"Maybe we've run into a hornet's nest," said Kenton, coolly.

"We'll have to git out, then," observed Boone, nothing terrified.

"Whoever it is, he don't seem to be afraid of any thing, for he's marching right along as if he owned the hill wood."

"Let's to timber," said Boone, curtly.

A second more and the stalwart forms of the two scouts had disappeared. Like snakes, they nestled in the grass and waited for the man who walked through the wood so carelessly.

The two did not have long to wait, for the sound of the steps grew louder and louder, and then an Indian warrior, decked in the gaudy war-paint and prepared for battle, stepped into the little glade whereon the moonbeams shone.

In his hand the warrior carried a tomahawk. The moonbeams danced upon the edge of the steel.

The warrior paused in the center of the glade and looked around him as though expecting some one. Then he spoke defiantly:

"I am the White Dog, a great brave of the Shawnee nation. I seek the Wolf Demon in the forest. If he has a heart as big as a weasel's, he will come from his lair and face me."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A JOYOUS MEETING.

VIRGINIA followed Kate without fear. Once within the wood, Kate enjoined caution upon her companion.

"It is a long and weary way from here to Point Pleasant," she said.

"I have traversed it once already, then a prisoner. It will not seem so long now, for I know that each step is taking me nearer to my home and those I love," Virginia replied, cheerfully.

Kate looked at the fair girl, a mournful smile upon her olive-tinted features.

"And you trust yourself, fearlessly, in my hands?" Kate asked.

"Yes, why should I fear?" Virginia said, in a tone of wonder.

"Am I not the daughter of a renegade?" Kate asked, a world of bitterness in her tone.

"You are not answerable for the faults of others," Virginia said, gently. "I freely trust, my life in your hands and I have no fear."

They were proceeding rapidly through the wood as they spoke.

Kate did not reply aloud to Virginia's speech, but to herself she murmured:

"Would this girl trust me if she knew how deeply I loved the man that possesses her heart?"

Kate led the way at a swift pace—not that she feared pursuit, for she did not dream that Virginia's escape, and her own treachery toward the renegade Girty, would be discovered until the morning.

Virginia, both in her face and dress, showed visible traces of the peril that she had passed through.

Well was it for her that her gown was of stout homespun stuff, for many a thorn-bush laid hold of it in her quick passage through the wilderness.

Where would you go first, to the station of Point Pleasant or to my cabin, where Harvey Winthrop is?" Kate asked.

"Is not your cabin some miles beyond the station?"

"Yes, but from the route I am obliged to take, my cabin is but a short distance further than the station."

"Let us go there first, then," said Virginia, eagerly. "Oh! the anguish I have suffered, thinking him dead, and a cloud came over the fair brow of the girl as she spoke."

Every word Virginia spoke in reference to Winthrop, touched Kate to the quick, for she saw how deeply and truthfully she loved him.

Then she realized, too, how hopeless was the passion that burned so fiercely in her own bosom. But, neither by word nor sign did she betray that love to Virginia.

Steadily Kate pursued her course, heading direct for the Ohio; and, without a murmur at the toilsome way, cheered by the thought that a few hours would give her to the arms of both lover and father, Virginia followed.

Leaving the two girls, so strangely unlike in station and in nature, to pursue their tedious journey through the wilderness, they little thinking that the fierce renegade, Girty, had discovered their escape, and with a chosen band of Shawnee warriors was following hard upon their track, we will return to the man whom Girty had stricken to the earth, Dave Kendrick, the renegade.

The Indians bore the wounded man to his lodge and examined his wound.

The blow had been a fearful one, and Kendrick's time on earth was short.

When the renegade recovered from his faint, it did not take him long to discover that he had not many minutes to live.

"The skunk has finished me," he muttered, with a deep groan of pain. "I

haven't got many minutes more of life, but I'd give 'em all to have a single chance at him," and then the stricken man ground his teeth together fiercely.

"My brother is hurt, much?" said one of the warriors, bending over him.

"The happy hunting-grounds for me, chief, afore I'm an hour older," replied Kendrick, with a gasp of pain. "The cursed skunk—to use his tomahawk ag'in' my knife!" he muttered.

"Can Noca-tah do any thing for his brother?" said one of the Indians, a tall chief who was one of the principal men among the Shawnees.

For a few moments Kendrick was silent, apparently overcome by pain; then, with a great effort, he rallied his scattered senses.

"Yes, chief, you kin do something for me. I want to make a 'totem.' Bring me two pieces of bark and a pointed twig."

One of the Indians departed and speedily returned with two pieces of white birch-bark and a pointed twig.

"That'll do," muttered Kendrick, faintly. "I reckon I'll get even with the skunk, now."

Then the renegade dipped the pointed twig in the blood that was flowing freely from the terrible wound in his head, and with great difficulty—for Dave Kendrick had little of the scholar about him—he traced some half a dozen lines on the smooth surface of the two pieces of birch-bark. On both pieces he wrote the same words, and then sunk back, exhausted.

The breath of the renegade came thick and hard. The icy fingers of Death already were closing upon and chilling their victim.

"Chief," he muttered, with a gasp, "one of these totems to the man who wounded me, Girty; the other to the white-haired chief, General Traveling, at Point Pleasant—you know him?"

The savage bowed assent.

"Tell him the totem is true—a dying man swears to it—how cursed dark it is; I—"

and then, with a stifled groan, Dave Kendrick, the renegade, sunk back, dead.

Noca-tah, the Shawnee chieftain, carefully rolled up the two pieces of bark that bore on their smooth surfaces the "totems," thrust them into his pouch, and then departed to fulfill the mission of the renegade.

We will now return to the fugitives.

Kate and Virginia paused not, either for food or sleep, but through the darkness of the night steadily pursued their way.

To Kate, the forest—although to strange eyes a trackless wilderness—was as familiar as her own little garden. She knew the way as well in the darkness as in the light. She was, in very truth, a child of the wilderness, and from infancy she had traversed freely the brown paths of the wild woods.

The first light of the morn was lining the eastern skies with leaden and with purple rays when Kate and her companion came within sight of the little cabin that was the home of the Kanawha Queen.

A weary march it had been through the liveliest night, and Virginia, her garments wet with dew, and torn in many places by the rough grasp of the brambles, that had sought to stay her progress through the thicket, presented but a sorry sight.

Her hair, too, escaped from the simple knot that usually held it in its place, streamed down over her shoulders in wild confusion. Her face was pale, save where a hectic spot burned in either cheek. Her eyes throbbed, shone with a determined light, for Virginia, weak woman as she was, held within her veins the stern, soldier blood of her father. That blood had nerved her to face the peril that she had encountered.

"There, lady, is refuge at last," said Kate, pointing to the humble cabin.

"A palace could not be more lovely than your cabin," said Virginia, gratefully, and a joyous light sparkled in her eyes as she spoke.

The two advanced to the house. The door swung open as if by magic, and on the threshold stood Harvey Winthrop!

With a cry of joy, Virginia rushed into his arms and sunk almost fainting upon his breast. She was in the arms of the man she loved; she thought only of that and of naught else.

Winthrop folded the slender form of the girl to his heart, and tenderly, brushed the damp dew from her shining locks.

Kate turned her head aside. She could not bear to look upon the meeting of the lovers. Their joy tore her heart and made the life-blood in her veins run chill with agony.

"Oh, Heaven! give thy poor hand-maiden strength to bear her cross," she murmured, in despair. And as she spoke, a sudden faintness came over her, all things swam before her eyes, and but for the support of the rude fence by which she stood, she would have fallen.

The lovers, wrapped up in the joy of each other's presence, did not notice her agitation.

"Again I hold you in my arms," the young man said, softly, as he strained the loved form of the maiden to his heart.

"And I thought you dead," Virginia said.

"To Kate I owe my life!" And as he spoke, both he and Virginia turned their eyes toward the Kanawha Queen.

By this time Kate had recovered her composure, except that her cheek was paler than it was wont to be.

"To Heaven your thanks, not to me, its humble instrument," replied Kate, modestly.

Then the three entered the cabin. A cheerful fire blazed in the broad fireplace. By the fire, the three sat.

Kate, clad in buckskin, Indian fashion, showed few traces of the terrible night journey, but Virginia, although clad in stout homespun garments, had many a mark of bramble and briar; yet to the eyes of Winthrop, she looked prettier than ever.

"And your wound?" asked Virginia, suddenly remembering her lover's hurt.

"I scarcely feel it now," Winthrop replied; "a few hours has worked wonders. The thought of your danger troubled me more than the pain of my wound."

"And from that danger, Kate has saved me, although at the risk of her own life," and Virginia cast a glance full of love and thankfulness toward the daughter of the renegade.

"I did what was but my duty to do. I promised to save you if I could. I kept that promise."

"At the risk of your own life," Virginia said, quickly.

"The life of the outcast is worth but little," Kate replied, sadly.

"The life of my sister is as precious as my own!" Virginia exclaimed, earnestly, and

rising, she knelt by Kate's side and folded her arms around her.

"Your sister!" said Kate, in wonder.

"Yes; for henceforth you shall be my sister. Kate, you must forsake this wild life and make your home with me. Will you not do so?"

Virginia looked, pleadingly, in the face of Kate, and wondered to see her brown cheek pale and her great eyes fill with tears.

"Oh, you do not know what you ask!" cried Kate, in agony, "and I can not tell you."

Virginia heard the strange words in amazement.

"Can you not be my sister?"

"No, no, it is impossible," Kate murmured, sadly.

"Impossible, why?"

"Because—"

The wild war-whoop of the Shawnees, pealing forth on the still, morning air, and ringing in the ears of the three like a signal of doom, cut short Kate's words.

Then the door yielded to a heavy blow, and a score of dark forms rushed into the room.

Even as I was preparing to descend and continue my flight, the crowd suddenly parted, many of them holding in their hands, for such their hands seemed to be, pieces of the flesh of the deer, which they eagerly devoured. With a simultaneous movement they rushed for the cliff, and began, on every side, the ascent.

Such conduct from the despised Digger rather took me by surprise.

It was contrary to all that I had ever heard of them, and I was completely at a loss to understand their fury, until, as they came nearer, I saw their brutish faces emaciated and pinched by starvation, their hollow eyes glaring like wild beasts as they suffered under the terrible pangs of hunger, and then I saw what it was that rendered them so oblivious of all personal harm.

A horrid fear darted through my brain. Had hunger driven them to become cannibals? I could assign no other reason for their fury, and with the terrible belief gathering force every moment, I prepared to sell out as dearly as possible.

My position was not well adapted to defense, especially where violent exertion would be necessary in wielding my clubbed rifle.

The spot upon which I stood was not more than three feet across, and very uneven.

Bracing myself as well as possible, I met the advanced guard with a shower of blows that sent half a dozen of them headlong down the rock, killed or terribly maimed.

Three times did the infuriated devils return to the attack, each time to be driven back with loss.

The strain was beginning to tell upon me, and I saw that if they persisted I must give in. But now they changed their tactics.

At a certain signal given by the one who seemed to lead, they drew off, inclosing my position on every side, and began handling their bows.

I had feared this, and wondered why they had not before adopted the plan.

Crouching down as flat as possible, I received their first volley without injury.

The next, however, was better directed, and I felt the sting of an arrow in both shoulders and leg.

I saw that I could not last long under this kind of treatment, and determined upon a bit of strategy, to gain time, if nothing else.

Another volley whistled about my ears, one of the arrows sticking in the side of my leather hunting-shirt.

With a convulsive spring I gained my feet, tugging, apparently, at the arm, reeled about as if mortally wounded, and fell suddenly as though dead or dying.

The last look, and with a yell of savage joy the hideous crew rushed up the rocks.

I allowed the rock to be crowded with them before I moved, and then, as they swarmed over me, I sprang up, knife in hand, and began an onslaught such as they little expected.

I cut earnestly, savagely, right and left, yelling like a madman all the time and with fearful effect.

How long this contest upon the rock lasted I do not know.

I was blinded with blood that streamed from various wounds upon the head made by their short clubs and stone axes, or hammers, and fast growing weak from others upon my body.

The dense mass swayed and surged about the narrow footing, clinging to each other and to me, until suddenly, from some unknown cause, the whole body, as though we had been tied together, reeled over the edge and went crashing down the side of the cliff.

I remember but little else.

I know that the fight was resumed at the bottom, but of the particulars I know nothing.

I had a faint consciousness of hearing the quick detonation of fire, shouts, yells and screeches of terror, and then—nothing more until I came to in the camp.

It seemed that three of the rangers had thought better of my proposition to hunt, and shortly after I had gone they took my trail, and came up just in time.

"A Night of Peril."

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

ONE lovely morning, many years ago, I was strolling along a shaded road in the environs of the city of Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, and inwardly railing at my fortune for having reduced me to such necessity that I should soon be compelled to ship before the mast.

"What a considerable descent for one who had sailed as chief mate for years—when my attention was attracted by a shrill scream from a woman who was walking some distance ahead of me. Looking up, and seeing that she was struggling with a lank individual, whose snowy habiliments, yet dusky countenance, bespoke him a native, I started at a rapid run to her assistance.

As soon as the man described me advancing he made off as quickly as his lithe legs could carry him, and ere I reached the woman he had been interfering with, he disappeared from sight by diving into the dense bushes that lined the roadway.

"What's the trouble, Miss?" I abruptly inquired, as I neared the trembling lady—for a lady, and a compatriot of mine also, I saw she was at a glance.

"Oh! sir, that scoundrel took advantage of my being alone, and insulted me dreadfully. I am so glad you came up, for I perceive you are an American, and I know will protect me," she replied, in tremulous tones.

I assured her that I should be only too happy to do so, and volunteered to escort her wherever she was bound for. She thanked me, and told me that she wished to go down to the wharf, in order to proceed aboard the *Blanche*, an American brig, owned and commanded by her husband, then lying at anchor in the bay. Mrs. Wadsworth soon recovered from her agitation and entered into friendly conversation with me. She was a lively little woman, about twenty-two years of age, with large hazel eyes, beautiful features, and a wealth of rich chestnut-brown hair, that fell clustering over her shapely neck. Soon detecting that I was a sailor, with our national habit of inquisitiveness, she openly asked me how it was that I came to be wandering about, with apparently aimless purpose, in a foreign port, and when I told her that I could not get a ship, she insisted upon my accompanying her to the *Blanche*.

"My husband will be glad to see you, I am sure, and perhaps he may be able to offer you a berth, for Mr. Sands, his second-mate, wishes to leave the vessel," she added.

At one of the piers a boat from the

Blanche was lying, awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Wadsworth, who had been spending the night at the house of a married relative in the suburbs, so we at once put off on board.

The skipper met us at the gangway and gave me cordial greeting upon the introduction of his wife, immediately inviting me into the saloon to breakfast. He was a native of Nantucket, and a good specimen of the genuine American mariner. He expressed himself "considerably riled" when he heard that a loafing miscreant had dared to insult his wife, of whom he was evidently very proud and fond, and declared that if he was not obliged to sail the following day, he'd hunt out the rascal and "make him smell Boston tan-yard."

When his ire had subsided, and his pretty spouse told him that I was looking out for a berth, he at once offered to take me as his second-officer.

"I don't much like my mate," I shipped him and most of the hands in Buenos Ayres, and there's something sinister about him that I don't appreciate. He seems to have a sort of tacit understanding with the crew, but what they're all driving at I can't imagine. Sands, my second-mate, is a good, steady fellow, and I didn't like to let him go, though the youngster can better himself ashore here, because I thought he acted as a check on the others; however, if you like to take his place aboard, I'll give him his discharge," said Captain Wedgworth.

Of course I gladly accepted his kindly offer, and before noon I had all my traps aboard and my name inscribed on the ship's articles. Mr. Sands, ere his departure, showed me the berth he was vacating, and which I was thereafter to inhabit.

"Excuse me," he said, suddenly closing the door. "I want to speak a few words to you. Do you know, sir, that if it was not that I fear I should never again get so good a chance of bettering my position, I would on no account leave this brig, for I like the skipper extremely, and his wife is one of the nicest and most sociable of ladies I ever met, and I don't want for the world that any harm should befall them. I don't want to frighten you, but I want to put you on your guard, and therefore, I must tell you that I am very suspicious of Harland, the chief-mate, and the crew; in fact, I firmly believe, though I have not sufficient proof to openly accuse them, that they meditate seizing the vessel. She has a good deal of treasure aboard, the profits accruing from a two years' voyage, and from hints which have been dropped in my hearing, and an air of mystery which all the men wear, I think they have an organized plan for carrying out their fiendish project. I call it fiendish, for, of course, they could not succeed without murdering the skipper, who is a real smart and brave man. All I want you to do is to keep your eyes open and be sure not to allow the fellows to get hold of Mrs. Wadsworth. Good-by, and a pleasant voyage to you."

He opened the door as he concluded, and vanished instantaneously, leaving me much mystified. However, I thought his caution worth regarding, so I carefully loaded a small Colt's revolver, which I stowed away in the breast-pocket of my shirt, and also concealed a Spanish pistol, of firmly-tempered steel, upon my person.

At an early hour the next day we unmoored, and, setting all sail, ran past the fort on the Ilhas das Cobras, and took our departure for New York. We had rather squally weather for the first few days, and the crew were kept always busily employed, but when we neared the equator, we experienced the calms and variable winds usual in that region. Mr. Harland was obsequiously polite to me, and that increased my suspicions of him, for generally chief-officers are not very civil to their subordinates, and one dog-watch he carefully sounded me to see if I was a fellow after his own heart—a desperate scoundrel, in fact—but I was too deep for him, so he was unable to get bottom, and therefore could not tell how the land lay. I did not like to make a direct charge against the mate to Captain Wadsworth, but I told him what Sands had said to me, and also that I myself feared the crew were disaffected. He therefore ordered me to collect all the firearms, and, after loading them, stow them away in some safe receptacle, ready to hand; besides this, he directed me to call him whenever Harland relieved me at night, so that he might keep watch himself while I slept. Nothing of any importance occurred, however, until the *Blanche* arrived off the Bermudas, when one night I was awakened by the report of a pistol fired in the cabin. I sprang from my bunk, revolver in hand, and entered the saloon just in time to see a gleaming weapon flash in the yellow glare of the cabin-lamp, and to hear a shriek of agony break from the skipper's lips, as he fell mortally wounded upon the floor. Quick as thought, I levelled my pistol at the miscreant who had done the dreadful deed; the ball from it pierced his brain, and he sunk prone across his victim's corpse.

Ere I could glance around, the noise of heavy feet descending the stairway warned me of the approach of the other mutineers, and I sprang toward the state-room in which Mrs. Wadsworth slept. She was issuing from the doorway, white and wan with fear; I saw she had pistols in her hands, and these I grasped as I pushed her back into her berth.

"I will defend you while life lasts, I can do no more; but, for God's sake, keep away from here," I whispered. She retired, and I, turning, faced the advancing crew.

"Back, or you die!" I cried, as a dusky form appeared at the foot of the stairs.

A shout of derisive laughter answered me, and the man from whose throat it issued sprang forward; but I was nerved for combat, and I slew him ere the blow he aimed at me with a handspike fell. Those who were following—there were but four in number now—when they saw their comrade fall, retreated to the deck, uttering savage imprecations. Had it not been that I had promised to guard poor Mrs. Wadsworth, I should have pursued them, so insensate was my desire to wreak vengeance upon them for the murder of their late commander; but I knew I had desperate men to contend against, and I feared for the widowed lady's safety if accident befell me; therefore I remained where I was to vigilantly guard the treasure in my keeping.

Crash!

I felt the vessel reel and stagger as though she had hit a sunken rock, and the noise of falling spars plainly indicated that the brig had met with some peculiar disaster. I heard the crew run forward, and I heard a hoarse voice hail across the sea. Then I knew that the *Blanche* had collided with some other vessel, and, with new hope of salvation in my heart, I sprang on deck.

Close alongside, her jib-boom reaching through our fore-rigging and extending completely over our deck, was a large schooner, upon the forecastle of which her crew were assembled, endeavoring to clear the entangled ships.

"For God's sake, come aboard here, some of you strangers!" I yelled, in stentorian tones.

"Ay, ay! here we are. What's the trouble? Are you sinking?" replied a voice, and in an instant, half a dozen men leaped upon our deck.

Toward one whom I rightly judged was an officer, I ran.

"Mutiny and murder is afloat aboard this craft to-night. Aid me to seize those four fellows," I cried, pointing to the remainder of our crew.

The stranger stared, mute with astonishment, into my face; but then, however, a rascal, Slick Jack by name, leveled a blow at my head with an iron bar, which I fortunately avoided, and the new-comer, seeing how matters stood, instantly felled the ruffian, and gave orders to his men to seize the other mutineers.

This was accomplished after a short struggle, and, ere morning dawned, Mrs. Wadsworth, myself and the four prisoners were safe aboard the *Viola*, of Boston. The *Blanche* had sunk an hour after the collision, bearing with her the lifeless bodies of the captain and those of his foes whom I shot to the coral depths beneath the starlit sea.

When we arrived at Boston, the mutineers were delivered over to the authorities, and had meted out to them their just award. I received, perhaps, more than mine, for two years subsequently *Blanche* Wadsworth doffed her widow's weeds, and gave her hand and heart to the man who had shared her peril on the midnight sea.

Cruiser Crusoe:

OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER FORTY-SEVEN.

The negroes, however, soon found a remedy for this monotony of diet. The lake was full of fish of a goodly size, which they set to work to catch in a very original manner. They had neither hooks nor nets, but in a very short space of time, they divided off a shallow part of the lake with wattled stakes, leaving here and there narrow canals. Here they fastened a number of supple boughs, in such a way as to form a kind of basket, wide at one end and narrow at the other.

One day, they stood watching, and when they saw a good shoal of fish, plunged into the water with long sticks in their hands, with which they drove the terrified fish forward, until many of them were glad to escape into the inclosure through the long basket, the narrow end of which closing as soon as they went through, there was no hope of return. The captured ones were of very many kinds, but one was new to all. It proved to be the amaro, and was remarkable for the harsh grating noise which it makes when caught by hook or line, and which can be distinctly heard.

This point settled, the three explorers, armed only with a stick and a knife, started on their exploring expedition, with the intimation that probably their absence might extend to the whole night.

It was a remark made by all, that, considering the island was placed near the equator, it was very far from excessively hot. This appeared to be caused by the singularly low temperature of the surrounding water, brought there at certain times of the year by the great southern polar current. Of course, as upon my first visit, very little rain fell, except at stated seasons; but the clouds always hung low.

The consequence of this was, that while the lower parts of the island were very sterile, the upper parts, at a height of some five or six hundred feet, possessed a damp climate and a tolerably luxuriant vegetation. This was, however, more perceptible on the windward side of the island, which is the first to receive and condense the moisture from the atmosphere.

But soon after they left the lake, nothing could be less inviting than the aspect of the island, which it was at once apparent, to their great dismay, was volcanic. A broken field of black basaltic lava, thrown into the most rugged waves, and crossed by great fissures, was everywhere covered by stunted, sun-burnt brushwood, which showed little sign of life. The dry and parched surface being also heated by the noon-day sun, gave to the air a close and sultry feeling, like that from a stove. Even the bushes smelt offensively, and the brushwood appeared at a distance as leafless as European trees in winter.

They had not advanced more than two miles when they reached a sufficient height to become aware that they were upon a volcanic island, about a third of which was endowed with vegetation. Everywhere, however, could be seen the signs of volcanic action, especially in the form of small extinct craters, like circular pits with steep sides.

The day was hot now, and, scrambling over rough surfaces and intricate thickets was very fatiguing. Suddenly, Andrew gave a cry. At last something in the shape of game had appeared. His companions turned, and saw two large tortoises, either of which could not have weighed less than two hundred pounds. One of them was devouring a piece of cactus; but no sooner did the youth approach, than he lifted his head, and stalked leisurely away; the second gave a shrill hiss, and drew in his head.

To allow them to escape was out of the question. They were too valuable as food, and, as they afterward found, abundant greatly on this island. They frequent, in preference, the damp parts, but live, likewise, in low and arid districts. Some grow to a prodigious size—the old males being the largest; the females rarely growing to a large size. Those tortoises which live where there is no water, and in the lower or more arid parts, feed chiefly on the succulent cactus. Those which frequent the higher or damp regions eat the leaves of various trees.

They are very fond of water, drinking large quantities, and wallowing in the mud. The tortoises which frequent the lower districts travel long distances when thirsty; hence broad and well-beaten paths branch off in every direction from the sea-coast. Many of the old voyagers and buccaneers were thus able to find water when every other means had failed. When the tortoise

reaches a spring, he buries his head in the water above his eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls at the rate of about ten a minute.

When traveling, they go on day and night, never stopping until they reach their journey's end.

Knowing that to turn a tortoise, is not, as in the case of the turtle, sufficient, a consultation was held, and a plan devised to secure the unexpected treasures. After some hesitation, the midshipman cut his leather belt into two strips; and then, once on their backs, they were tied by the tail to a strong stake and left, while the explorers pursued their adventurous journey.

But I must return to the negroes and women, ere I give an account of my father's remarkable peregrinations and discoveries.

Each of the newly-married couples would necessarily require a cabin or hut; but with the fidelity of their race, they really attached to their masters, they set to work to build houses on wigwags for the whites, which they did in this way: Strong stakes were thrust into the ground at short intervals until a square was formed, when slighter boughs and withes were worked into them in and out, until a pretty solid wall presented itself.

Between these were thrust grass, until the air was sufficiently excluded. They were roofed in the same primitive way, in order at all events to provide accommodations for the present against the weather and the heat, though, of course, they would be of no avail in the rainy weather. The negro huts were to be on an island to themselves. This was their own wish.

They first made a hut for my father and mother and the two little boys. Next to this was one for my four sisters and my cousin, thus making one wall do for two huts. Then came a larger one, much wider than the others, to be used in the daytime; and after that, one for my uncle, the captain, and Andrew. They were not all completed in one day, but even the first night proved a welcome change from sleeping in the open air.

But when I visited the island another hut had been added, and as my very first question had been on this point, I will at once explain how it happened. The day had been sultry, and the little colony hard at work; when, toward evening, the women started, as they always did once or twice a week, to bathe.

There had been a hurricane blowing for some days, but it was over now, and the weather had completely changed. Still the wind was not down; and when the somewhat frolicsome party had descended to the beach, they found the surf running rather strongly on the shore. Still, by selecting a small deeply-indented inlet, they thought they could enjoy an amusement which in hot countries is, as it were, a necessity of life.

Polly had begun to cast off unnecessary clothing, when she gave a singular cry, and ran forward hastily in the water. She had caught sight, on the coming roller, into which, as an experienced swimmer, she was about to plunge, of what at first sight might have been taken for a huge animal; but which, on a second examination, proved to be part of the mast or yard of a vessel.

But surely there was something living on it.

Polly saw it recede from her, but next minute it came up again with the roller, and my cousin, dashing forward, caught it in her hands. But it was too much for her strength, and had not the negroes rushed to her assistance she would have been carried out by the retreating waters. Their united strength, however, was enough to stay it; and the somewhat heavy log was dragged ashore, when the alarming discovery was made that it to it was lashed the apparently lifeless body of a young girl.

All bent around her; and Polly, who seemed to look upon her as her legitimate prize, placed her hand upon her heart.

"It beats—she is warm—there is life in her yet," said she.

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A CUBAN STORY.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

It was a mildly beautiful night in Havana, the gay capital of Cuba, when a man might have been seen hurrying down an almost deserted street of that city.

He walked in the shade of the buildings, in a manner which told that he wished to escape recognition.

There was nothing in the appearance or dress of the individual which would have commanded a second look from the casual observer. He was tall, and wore a new suit of sea-faring clothes. His sombrero shaded his dark eyes, but could not hide the clipped beard which covered the lower portion of his sunburnt face.

He was a Spaniard, and, as he hurried along, he muttered, in his native tongue: "They shall be mine to-night, mine, mine!"

Of what, or whom, did he speak? The reader shall presently see, but while he is hearing his destination, let us glance at his history, for one he had—one which none will cover.

His name was Joacho Ribera, and a few years prior to the opening of our story, he was a titled count in his native country, and stood high in the favor of his queen—the voluptuous Isabella. But he fell, as all court favorites fall. He lost his possessions, partly through his own reckless habits, and partly through the machinations of enemies. Then, becoming desperate, he sought to avenge his fancied wrongs, and obtain riches at the same time. He, in his daring desperation, plotted to steal the crown jewels; but, upon the eve of success in his scheme, the dark plot was discovered. Of the conspirators, Ribera alone escaped. His fellow conspirators perished at the hands of the public executioner. A price was set upon the ex-count's head; but he eluded his hunters, and, without the aid of a guide, crossed the La Mancha to Valencia. There he soon gathered around him a set of desperate Spanish and Portuguese sailors, and one night they murdered the crew of a vessel in the harbor and put to sea.

From that hour Joacho Ribera was a pirate. Guanahani, one of the Bahama Islands, became his rendezvous, and there, pirate-king, he ruled over a lot of hardened men, himself being ruled by a beautiful but wicked Spanish woman.

Somewhat or other, Ribera learned that Senor Tarpedo, one of the richest inhabitants of Havana, was possessed of a wealth of jewels, a great many of which he intended to present to his daughter, Inez, on the occasion of her happy marriage with Robert Harford, a young and wealthy merchant of New York.

Straightway, upon receiving this intelligence, the pirate steered for Havana, and soon his vessel, La Tarantula, was anchored in the bay. He had given her a new coat of paint, which greatly altered her appearance, and she would have deceived even a sailor's practiced eye.

The night following his arrival in the bay was the one which preceded Senorita Inez's wedding. The pirate had selected it for the robbery.

He was rowed from his ship to the wharf at nightfall, by several of his daring crew. Springing from the boat, he bade the sailors await his return, and plunged into the city, in which, had his presence been known, his life would not have been worth a fig.

We left him at the beginning of our, perhaps, necessary, digression, gliding down the narrow, shadowed street, and now we purpose to follow.

He knew where Senor Tarpedo lived, for, during his courtship, he had visited the ever faithful Isabella, and enjoyed hospitality at the wealthy Cuban's hands.

On, on he went, threading street after street, until he paused before a splendid dwelling—the residence of the senator. Not a light gleamed through the shutters, and an ominous silence brooded over the neighborhood.

"They sleep," murmured Ribera, drawing a bunch of keys from his bosom. "Sleep, to wake and find themselves plundered of their riches. I have sworn that the wedding jewels shall gladden the bosom of Tinera, the pirate's queen, and Joacho Ribera never breaks an oath."

It did not take the pirate a great while to obtain an entrance into the mansion, and, with the aid of a dark lantern, he found himself searching for the jewel-room.

At last he found it, and with his keys entered.

Gently he closed the door, and walked toward the senator's chest. To his astonishment, he found it unlocked, and, one by one, he drew forth the strong steel-bound boxes which contained the jewels.

"Caramba! what a wealth of jewels," he exclaimed. "And doubtless: why, the chest is half-filled with them! But, I will not touch one. I have millions on Guanahani. I sought this room for jewels, not doubloons."

When the last treasure-box had been removed, the Spaniard rose to his feet, and surveyed the heap.

"Mine, all mine!" he cried. "How they will shine upon Tinera's beauteous skin! Now, for the removal."

He was about to stoop when curtains, which concealed a niche, parted, and the flash of lantern light dazzled his eyes. Drawing his pistols, with a Spanish oath, he started back, as four sailors, headed by Senor Tarpedo, sprung into the room.

"Back!" cried Ribera, cocking the deadly pistols.

"At him, Nalvez!" shouted Tarpedo, not heeding the pirate's command.

At his master's word, Nalvez, an iron-built sailor, sprung across the room at a single bound, and, before Ribera could prepare for the onset, the pistols were knocked from his grasp.

Then the other tars joined their comrade, and the pirate was a prisoner!

Suddenly he looked at Senor Tarpedo, who approached and held the lantern near his face.

"Joacho Ribera!" he cried, recognizing his guest of other days.

"Yes, Senor Tarpedo, I am your guest for the second time."

"But as a pirate and a prisoner."

"As you like it, sir."

"Joacho Ribera, you entered my house to steal my jewels."

"Yes."

"But you shall never leave it alive!"

There was something terrible in the Cuban's tone, and the pirate gazed into the depths of the cold eyes.

There was no mercy there. "Yes, Senor Tarpedo," he said. "I came hither to appropriate your jewels to my own use. But I shall not do it now."

"I should think not," sneered Tarpedo, bitterly.

"Senor, I would ransom myself. What sum do you demand?"

"Pirate!" roared Tarpedo, stamping the floor, "the wealth of Ophir, Golconda, and California combined could not ransom you. I have doomed you to a terrible death."

"Have I injured you, or yours, Senor Tarpedo?" demanded the pirate.

"Yes," thundered the Cuban.

"Where?—where?"

"Upon the high seas, when you burned the Astrea, the Gaudalquivir, and La Hispania, and butchered their crews."

"Those vessels were yours, then?"

"They were."

"Had I known it, I should have respected old friendship, and harmed them not," said Ribera.

"No apologies, sir pirate!" exclaimed Tarpedo. "Men, bear him to the vault and carry out the instructions I have already given you. I will join you directly."

The Cuban handed the lantern to a creole sailor, and left the room before the pirate could interpose a word. He saw that resistance would only hasten his death, for one of the sailors held a pistol in close proximity to his head.

Down several flights of steps he sullenly permitted himself to be conducted, and at last he found himself in a strong underground apartment, which contained an oval table and a large arm-chair. Into this latter the pirate was thrust, and held down by the sailors. Beside him lay three of Senor Tarpedo's jewel-boxes.

"What does your master intend doing with me?" the pirate asked, in Spanish, of the sailors.

"You shall learn from his lips," was the reply. "Hark! he is coming now."

The next moment the door opened, and Senor Tarpedo entered, bearing a lighted candle.

"Senor Ribera," exclaimed the Cuban, pointing at his prisoner, "this is your death-chamber; these walls shall witness your dying agonies, and echo back your expiring groans. Bind him, men."

With strong tarred ropes Ribera was bound to the chair, until he was unable to move a limb. Then the chair was screwed down to the thick, damp flooring.

The jewel-boxes were next unlocked, and their shining contents emptied upon the table. They dazzled Ribera's eyes, and made him curse his ill-success.

"Upon those gems you must gaze until your eyes close in death," said Tarpedo, pronouncing in distinct tones the pirate's fearful doom. "You pitcher contains pure water, and the bottle your favorite liquor. You may look upon them, powerless to raise them to your parched lips. Senor Ribera, you have doomed many women and children and brave men to terrible deaths on a fire-ship. Now recall your atrocities, and tell me if your fate is not merited."

The Spaniard did not speak, but groaned from the depths of his despairing soul.

"Farewell, senor," said Tarpedo, motioning his men from the side of the doomed man. "After twelve days I will return, and give you what you do not deserve—a Christian burial."

The next moment Tarpedo and his sailors left the vault, the heavy door closed with ominous creaking, and the strong bolts, as they shot into their places, sounded like the hoarse mutterings of the Angel of Doom.

"Doomed!" cried Ribera. "Doomed to the most dreadful death that man ever died—starvation. Yes, I must starve in a city of plenty, with the wealth of hundreds of mines, and the juice of grapes that grew in my native land before me. Oh, Jesus, do not permit me to suffer the pangs of a lingering death. Holy mother of Christ, take my spirit now, even if thou must consign it to the depths of Pandemonium!"

But Ribera's prayers were not answered.

Until morning the little boat waited at the wharf; but its chieftain came not, and then it returned to La Tarantula. For three days the vessel lay in the bay, and at last, ignorant of their king's doom, the pirates steered for Guanahani, to tell Queen Tinera of the unknown fate of her lord.

Twelve days after the pirate's doom, Senor Tarpedo entered the vault, and found a blackened corpse seated bolt upright in an arm-chair, with its glassy eyes fixed upon the jewels, which seemed to shine brighter than ever, and the wine which sparkled in the bottle.

One night a coffin went forth from the Cuban's mansion, and the pirate found his last earthly resting-place beneath the soil of Havana.

There he still sleeps, while the vault, in which he perished, is shrouded by Senor Tarpedo's servants, who speak in whispers of Ribera's Doom.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Grizzly's Fight for his Scalp.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"Whar d'ye think'll make fur next, Grizzly?" said Old Rube, as he and his double, young Bruin, Adams, leisurely smoked by the camp-fire.

"Dunno, Rube, leastways don't edzactly know. Me an' the y'ungster thar, hev thought uv hangin' out a spell up in the Yampah."

"Good kentry, old hoss, but ye'll hev ter watch ther 'Patches. They're p'izen this year," said Rube, meditatively.

"Well, you see, Rube, I've been thar, an' I reckon I knows the up an' downs uv them imps purty nigh parfekt. Didn't ever tell ye 'bout the last time me an' the boy war up thar, did I?"

"Nary one!" replied Rube.

"'Twur rough, darn my ole moccasins of 'turnt, an' I kin nigh hev'n ter go to the States fur a new sculp; but the ole ha'r's up thar yet," said the hardy hunter, feeling the top of his head.

"Me an' Bruin hed been follerin' a poor lead. We wur in darn bad luck, an' war thinkin' uv pullin' uv 'em, an' travelin', when, one afternoon, the boyce kin in an' sed as how the 'Patches war afoot, a whoppin' big party uv 'em, an' the trail, goin' north-ard, lay along the crick bottom about a mile frum camp."

"How they kin ter pass us I won't never tell, but, pass us they did, an' 'thout so much es makin' a sign, which warn't nateral, you know, Rube."

"Not by no means," replied that worthy.

"No, 'twur'n Injun-like, fur the fire hed been burnin', an' whar thar's fire thar's smoke, an' whar thar's smoke thar's a Injun. They hed sed'd the smoke, an' I know'd it. An' so I tells the boyce."

"We warn't long a bu'stin' up the camp, you bet, an' off we put, luggin' the pelts along—hev'n cashed ther traps an' fixin's—fur the hills at ther bend uv Green river, jest above. You know the kentry thar, Rube, jes es well es I doose, an' I needn't tell yer thet a bufler could hide thar ef he on'y hed sense anuff."

"On one side ther perrairy kims smack up to the river, an' on 't'other the cliffs an' big rocks pile straight up higher'n a mounting."

see one on 'em creep round ther corner an' come feelin' his way across the level right to'ards whar I sot."

"Another, an' another one follered, 'till I counted seven uv the imps, an' then I thought as how 'twur time ter be a-doin' suthin'."

"You see, the hole where I hed cached wur purty nigh the edge uv the cliff, 'bout four feet uv standin' room, while on ther right whar the 'Patches war, it wur a good bit wider, mebbly a dozen feet or more."

"I see thet they'd hev ter pass right by ther hole ef they went much further, an' thar's whar I see my chance."

"I could an' opened on 'em an' nibbled out ev'ry one on 'em, but I didn't want ter shoot ef I could help it, fur I knowed the balance warn't fur off, so I lay low an' waited. The imps must a' smelt me, the way they went in."

"The fo'most one'd take a step an' stop an' peek 'round, an' then ther ballance'd do ther same."

"Closer an' closer they kin, an' I knowed they'd be bound ter see ther hole in a minit more. I draw'd my knife, holdin' her in my left hand, an' then squard' myself fur a rough an' tumble scrimmage."

"Es the leader got in frunt uv ther hole, he sed'd it, an' ther yell war on the tip end uv his tongue, when I let drive an' ketched him fur a lick on the eyes."

"Ther lick like to a' bu'sted my fist, but the way ther Injun sailed over ther precipice war a sight to see."

"The next 'un kin up ter see what war the row, an' over he went, an' so did ther next 'un, but 't'other un dodged the lick, an' grumped me by the weezin'."

"Him I knifed, an' then thar warn't but three more uv the imps left, but they war ugly customers, an' I sed'd thet the fight warn't half over."

"Git a Injun's blood up, an' he will run his head inter danger, jes es well es enny man. An' by this time these hyar 'Patches war mad. All in a bunch they made ther rush, an' afore you could wink, they war onto me, all three uv 'em."

"They hedn't yelled onc't, a munstrous queer thing, an' so I still hilt off frum usin' the six-shooter. Well, well, Rube, 'twur a desprit fust."

"Four on us in a hole that warn't hardly big anuff fer two, an' it es dark es be d— One uv the imps went under, e'nestmost at the start, but it on'y give 't'others more room ter work in, an' them 'Patches jes walked into my old karkass lively."

"They knifed me till I wur es full uv

THE SERENADE.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Heavily touched his light guitar,
Which sadly needed stringing,
But he was strong quite high himself,
And this he went to singing:

"On downy pillows rests thy head,
Thine eyes their lights surrender,
Or look delighted and surprised
On Dreamland's stary splendor."

"Sleep, darling, while the stars shine bright,
A watch above thee keeping,
Sleep 'neath the spell of charmed night,
Sleep, sleep, and dream while sleeping."

"Sleep, dreaming of the stars and me,
Sleep, dreaming of me kindly,
Nor yet forget when morning comes
The heart that loves so blindly."

He blew his nose, and walked away,
His feelings were so mellow,
But the trouble of it was that at that particular time the young lady happened to be out in the back parlor with her head on the shoulder of
Quite another fellow.

Beat Time's Notes.

I BORROWED 20 dollars yesterday, green-back currency; please calculate what the interest will be upon it when I pay it, at 10 per cent.

On a very slippery morning a man starts for his store; he takes one step forward and slips two steps backward; how long will it be before he doesn't get there?

I BOUGHT one dozen eggs; 6 of them were good and 6 were medium—that is, they were half egg and half chicken; I put them in my coat-tail pockets, forgot them, went to an evening party, and sat down upon them; how much was I mortified, and how big a fool did I make of myself? State it in feet and inches.

SCENE in a clothing store. Enter seedy individual.

S. I. I want to examine your stock.

Merchant. All right, sir; what can I have the pleasure of showing you?

S. I. I want to buy a paper collar.

Merchant. All right, sir; shall I wrap it up for you?

S. I. Yes, if you please; wrap it up in a new suit of clothes, and tie it around with a fresh pair of suspenders, and here's your five cents down. I'm in a hurry.

In passing, your plate to be helped at the table, never put the knife behind your ear, or scratch your head with your fork—overcome that habit as much as you can.

If possible, avoid blowing your nose or wiping your hands on the table-cloth, unless it is a remarkably fine and clean one.

When the servant passes your fourth cup over your head, refrain from looking suddenly up and knocking the cup out of his hand; it may be a matter of long regret to you.

If you should upset your cup on the cloth, try to look as if you knew nothing about it, glancing sideways to see that nobody at the table has noticed it.

Six cups of coffee should be enough for any gentleman—with a few tea.

Don't make a practice of stirring your coffee with a fork, or your tea with a comb.

In extricating hairs, flies, and other mundane ingredients from your victuals, call the attention of the hostess to it as gently as possible.

Eat with your mouth wide open; besides being a little odd, it will enable you to put more in.

When you begin, take out your false teeth and lay them by the side of the plate, or hang them on the center castor; they will help to embellish the table with a very rich effect, especially if they be gold.

Help yourself, and never mind the others. Don't be in a hurry, but eat as long as you want to.

If possible, don't drink soup out of your plate.

Never leave the spoons in your pockets, nor borrow another's toothpick.

AGAIN Christmas and New Year's have come and passed. It was impossible for either of them to remain more than twenty-four hours according to law, so they were obliged to go. They are both so close together that I wonder why they don't turn them into one. Economical parents would not then find it necessary to give two sets of presents, and reformers would not be obliged to swear off twice hand-rolling, as is the case now.

I was reading the other day that New Year's was the first day of the year; it is strange I never thought of that before. I always imagined it to be the day when Americans discovered Columbus or something else.

The titular divinity of the ancient Scandinavians who presided over New Year's day was *Eggen-og*, who still presides, in this more modern age of improvement, in mixed beverages.

Christmas always had a peculiar charm for me, even when I was a little boy (when I look at myself in the glass, and hear my wife tell the neighbors what a great man I am, I can hardly believe that I was ever a little boy); in those days when Mary had a little lamb, and when Humpty Dumpty enjoyed himself very well on the wall without any fear of falling; ere the cruel hand of Reality dissolved into thin air the merry reindeer of Kris Kringle, stole his pack, shivered him of his white beard, broke his clay pipe, and remorselessly turned him into my paternal pap.

If there was any thing I doted upon then, it was a limber monkey on a stick. It was my idol; without it what was Christmas? Fire-crackers were my weakness; they always seemed to throw a charm about the kingdom of China, and I loved it on that account, although I knew no more where China was than I know now.

The last New Year's was very healthy—that is, there were many healths to drink.

I tried to keep account of all that I drank, but when I got to thirty the figures got very bad and very much out of shape, so I was obliged to discontinue it. My legs, not having the fear of New Year's in their eyes, refused to fulfill their destinies, and I took the first wheelbarrow for home; but the driver of that vehicle ungenerously dumped me in to the front coal-hole, and I was discovered in the cellar the next day, with a very diminished opinion of New Year's days in general, and myself in particular. Sugar and so forth are not the best things for New Year's on an empty conscience.

Yours, cheaply,

BEAT TIME.



RIBERA'S DOOM.